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Della, M. Davis, and Mrs. Chippendale; Mr. Charles Wyndham, Messrs.  
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W. Stacey, &c.; Misses Adelaida Ross, Lavis, Margaret Cooper, &c. To  
commence, at 7, with DID YOU EVER SEND YOUR WIFE TO  
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Heaven (W. Hann); tableau 1st, Olympus; 2nd, Love among the Roses;  
3rd, Venus in her Car; 4th, Departure of Apollo in the Chariot of the Sun.  
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and Blanche. Followed by (first time) a new Drama, entitled THE  
COURT, THE PRISON, AND THE SCAFFOLD. To conclude with THE  
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CRYSTAL PALACE.—This day, Saturday, at five  
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voice and a presence and a memory felt it incumbent upon him to declaim in public "Lord Ullin's Daughter," and "The Downfall of Poland," secretaries of enterprising institutes began to look out for a perfect professional reader; and in the course of time Mrs. Stirling, at their instance, conquered a new world, and became as famous on the platform as she had been—and is—on the stage. We would not permanently sever her from the reading-desk and water-bottle. It is, perhaps, just as well that local Penny Readers should be occasionally reminded—teaching them is out of the question—of the difference there is between reading in the family circle to an audience of three, and reading in the national school-room or Institute-hall to an audience of three hundred; but they might spare us our Mrs. Stirling. But a truce to these futile regrets. The new world in which she now mainly abides—a world of teaching and reading, and amateur acting—are too keenly alive to her rare powers to lightly entertain the idea of her permanent restoration to the stage. Reckoning without the host—or manager—in relation to a cast of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, what would be more natural than to include therein the merriest of all, Mrs. Stirling? But no. The institute requires her. It is she who must throw a new light on a page of Shakespeare—give fresh point to a story of extravagant Yankee humour, and although it is pleasant to know that Mrs. Stirling has *not* finally left the stage, it is impossible to suppress a regret at the present paucity of her appearances there, let the cause thereof be what it may.

In commencing a biographical sketch of this famous actress, the difficulty which "stops the way" is a superabundance of material. It is seldom such an obstacle as this hampers one's progress, but in the present instance it is marked enough. The story of Mrs. Stirling's professional career has been told in print many a time and oft. From several versions of it now before us we make choice of the following, the date of the publication of which will be readily recognised:—

Would any of our readers [says a writer in a defunct publication called *The Players*], unless previously aware of the fact, have believed that the lines below could possibly apply to the lady whose portrait we this week present them with? Who would have thought that she could ever have been fixed upon as the impersonation of melancholy? We did not think it possible, and for the sin of disbelief, are forced to give the obnoxious lines a place in our paper, having undertaken, that if the person who informed us that "such things were" could produce them, we would insert hem. Here they are:—

"With eyes upraised and ringlets curling,  
Pale melancholy (Mrs. Stirling !!!)  
Comes from behind the prompter's seat  
Her lamentations to repeat;  
And while she pours her pensive cries  
On all the wings and flats around,  
There is an echo in the flies  
That seems to mock the mournful sound.  
Through box and pit the plaintive accents stole;  
Hung o'er the orchestra with fond delay;  
Through all the house a calm diffusing—  
The sounds not o'er the gallery losing—  
Till in the slips they die away."

Certainly these rhymes aid us in proving the varied talents of the lady; and in truth the subject of the present sketch is one whose singular versatility renders the task of writing her (theatrical) biography rather perplexing. Though long the acknowledged queen of high comedy, even in the estimation of the most fastidious audiences which London can furnish, it is by no means uncommon to meet with persons who, remembering her impersonations of "Juliet," "Cordelia," "Desdemona," &c., prefer them to those of any other lady on the stage. Many a former patron of the Adelphi sighs over the recollection of the times when Buckstone wrote domestic dramas, and Mrs. Stirling played in them, considering that peculiar walk of the drama the one most specially suited to the lady's talents. Admirers of the lightest and airiest of "adaptations from the French," look to Mrs. Stirling as the *artiste* by whom, of all others, their heroines should be represented; while the deep tragic power evinced in such pieces as the *Reigning Favourite*, *Angelo*, and in that magnificent failure, the *Red Vial*, shows us, that while Mrs. Stirling is on the stage, we could always, in the hour of need, make sure of a "Lady Macbeth" or a "Mrs. Beverley." Many ladies while "working their way up," necessarily are often obliged to play a great variety of parts, whether the doing so suits their taste or not; but our present heroine probably played a far greater range of characters *after* being established in public favour as a leading comedy actress, than she had ever done before, as a reference to the annals of our principal metropolitan theatres would prove.

We find her with this reputation at the Adelphi, as we have said, or at the St. James's, winning her way into all hearts by the exquisitely natural pathos of her acting, as some simple village heroine, the homeliness of her dress perhaps making her beauty still more remarkable; then creating a new style for future actresses to emulate, by her impersonation of "Angeline," &c., &c., a French girl, charming the English ears of her audience by breaking their English tongue; melting their hearts with her sorrowful story one hour, and, perhaps, convulsing them with laughter the next by—will it be believed?—depicting the oddities of some eccentric chambermaid. Now, under the auspices of Macready, playing the gentler heroines of Shakespeare at Drury Lane, and afterwards with Fanny Kemble, then at the Lyceum with Madame Vestris, taking the town by storm as "Mrs. Brace-girdle," in the *Tragedy Queen*; anon at the Princess's, sending every sentimental young lady in the house into floods of tears, at sorrows which had been considered obsolete for years—the sorrows of "Clarissa Harlowe"; or assisting "Wallack" to dispute the possession of "Maritana" and "Don Cesar de Bazan," with Webster and Madame Celeste; occasionally pausing to refresh her recollections of her first triumphs by a sudden reappearance as "Rosalind" or "Beatrice," as "Lady Teazl" or "Lady Gay Spanker." Surely this singularly varied career is sufficiently perplexing even to excuse our editorial self for having proceeded thus far without having begun at the beginning, which, lest we get again entangled in the maze of our fair heroine's triumphs, we will do at once.

Mrs. Stirling, who was born in Queen Street, May Fair, was, we believe, one of a large family; her father was Captain Hehl, (pronounced Hale) of German descent, as his name implies, and a Catholic, to which circumstance, perhaps, Mrs. Stirling owes the purity of her French pronunciation, she having been sent to a convent in France to be educated. She must, however, have returned home much sooner than is usual in such cases, since she was really little more than a child when she began to act; and as we are not aware that any of her family were connected with the stage in any way, it is more than probable that her own natural taste for the profession was called into action by an earnest desire to do her part towards lightening the burthen of those cares which fall so heavily on household where the means do not increase with the numbers. Military men are seldom the best fitted for the great battle of life; and we have good reason to believe that Captain Hehl, although one of the best-hearted of men, was no exception to this general rule.

However, our business is with his fair daughter, whose mode of obtaining an engagement was certainly as unusual as her after-career has been. Without seeking advice or assistance, this child—for such she really was—waited upon the elderly manager

of a small East-end theatre (not now in existence), and informed him "that she wished to act; that she never had done so, but felt she could if he would let her try." The kind old man agreed that she *should* try, and in less than a month she appeared as "Miss Fanny Clifton," in some little part which soon led to her being entrusted with characters of greater importance. During this first engagement she married, being still extremely young, and shortly afterwards accompanied her husband to Liverpool, where she played most of the lighter parts; thence to Manchester and Birmingham, increasing her reputation at each remove, and rapidly becoming a favourite; thus making it apparent that it is not necessary for a lady to conceal her marriage in order to become popular, since she was known as Mrs. Stirling while scarcely half the age we have known some ladies attain while still retaining their maiden name after marriage. We have thought this part of our sketch sufficiently forward to be able to go on from the point where we broke off. To the best of our knowledge Mrs. Stirling's engagements since that time have been chiefly confined (excepting of course her starring trips into the country) to three theatres; the Haymarket, the Strand, and the Olympic, at which last she has been engaged under three different managements. During the time she was with the veteran Farren (at the Strand and Olympic), the number of original pieces in which she appeared, together with Leigh Murray, was very great, many of them containing that mixture of comedy and pathos in which Mrs. Stirling so thoroughly excels, and each one providing for her a new triumph. Among this class we recall with pleasure *Time Tries All*, *All that Glitters is not Gold*, *The Ladies' Battle*, *Charles King*, &c.; in those containing unmixed comedy we specially remember *Lore and Charity*, *The Unprotected Female*, *Cousin Cherry*, and *Where there's a Will there's a Way*.

At the Haymarket, Mrs. Stirling's talents for brilliant comedy had full scope in the stock pieces which were played during her engagement, as also in various new ones, in all of which she continued to win golden opinions. Her latter engagements have been again at the Olympic, first with Mr. and Mrs. Wigan, and then with Messrs. Robson and Emden, which last still continues. Under these last two managements, the number of pieces produced has been much less than in Farren's time, and we have not, therefore, so much to chronicle; but one remarkable fact we must take notice of. The piece which had one of the longest runs, and was regarded deservedly as one of the greatest triumphs of Mr. Wigan's managerial season, owed its success to the most celebrated low comedian of the day—Mr. Robson; and to the most celebrated comedy actress—Mrs. Stirling; neither lady nor gentleman having anything of comedy in their respective parts. This seems a curious anomaly, but when we mention *Plot and Passion*, our readers will agree with us. A perfect contrast to the above is the brilliant little comedietta, in which Mrs. Stirling subsequently played, *Nine Points of the Law*, and in which she appeared at Windsor Castle.

Our limits will not allow us to devote much more time to this sketch, but it may interest our readers to know that when the performance for the purchase of Shakespeare's house took place at Covent Garden, Mrs. Stirling played one of the "Merry Wives" (Madame Vestris playing the other); that she also played at the Haymarket for the veteran Farren's farewell benefit; and was on the stage with poor Mrs. Glover on the night of hers. The name of Mrs. Glover (with whom, we understand, as well as with Farren, our fair heroine was a great favourite) reminds us that for once we may as well close our sketch with a prophecy. It has often been said that we have no successor to Mrs. Glover. If Mrs. Stirling ever thinks fit to essay that lady's line, the world will see that we have one in her, and one that would have satisfied the dear old lady herself.

Long may Mrs. Stirling live to prove the truth of our prophecy, and may she live long before she attempts to do so.

Our readers are competent to judge how far that prediction has been realised. In closing these remarks, we may as well correct another erroneous statement of the biographer previously mentioned. Mrs. Stirling is not the mother of Mr. Arthur Stirling. She is not even related to him. She has no son. The portrait we give is from a recent photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, and represents Mrs. Stirling "as she appears" on the platform.

### The Drama.

Of the several dramatic events to be chronicled during the week, the most important are the reopening on Saturday night last of the Opéra Comique, under the management of Miss Amy Sheridan, and of the Grand National Amphitheatre (late Astleys, the long-familiarised name to which people still fondly cling), by the Messrs. Sanger. Miss Sheridan's managerial programme consisted of the *petite* comedy, *Widow's Weeds*, adapted by Messrs. John Oxenford and Horace Wigan from the French, played some years ago at the Strand Theatre, and now rechristened *Love in a Fix*, and Mr. Burnand's new version of his famous Royalty burlesque, *Ixion*, entirely rewritten, extended to three acts, and entitled *Ixion Re-wheel'd*. A notice of these appears in another column. Messrs. Sanger commenced their season with a bill of entertainments sufficiently varied and attractive, though not characterised by much of novelty. Besides the usual display of skilful horsemanship and acrobatism in the circle, in the former of which a new and accomplished *equestrienne*, Mlle. Blanche, greatly distinguished herself, the well-known equestrian drama, *Turpin's Ride to York, or the Death of Black Bess*, was represented on a scale of great completeness, all the familiar scenic effects and striking incidents, being reproduced with marvellous realism. Mr. Washington Crowhurst, a celebrated American actor, made a very successful *début* in England as the hero, "Dick Turpin." The entertainments concluded with the fairy spectacle of *Cinderella*, performed by a large number of well-tutored and clever children. On the same evening at the Surrey, where the nautical drama of *Ship Ahoy* still continues undiminished in its attractions, Mr. Holland produced Messrs. Conquest and Merritt's domestic drama, *Hand and Glove*, brought out with great success at the Grecian some time since, and then noticed by us in these columns. *Hand and Glove* is a drama especially suited to the tastes of a Surrey audience, and being admirably put upon the stage and represented by an effective cast, is nightly received with immense applause in conjunction with *Ship Ahoy*.

*The Island of Bachelors* has been replaced on the bills of the Gaiety, since Saturday night, by the irrepressible and still popular *La Fille de Madame Angot*, which was revived for a short period only, on Monday evening, for the purpose of affording the pleasing and rising young vocalist, Miss Katrine Monroe, an opportunity of essaying a more ambitious rôle than she has yet appeared in—that of Mlle. Lange, the cast in other respects being almost the same as on the previous effective representations of this opera by Mr. Hollingshead's company:—Miss Constance Loseby is "Clairette"; Miss Cook, "Amaranthe"; and Messrs. Cotte, Charles Lylly, Ledwidge, Maclean, and Mr. J. G. Taylor representing respectively, "Ange Pitou," "Pomponnet," "Larivaudière," "Louchar," and "Trentitz." Mr. Byron's amusing piece of extravagance, *Oil and Vinegar*, concludes the now attractive bill of fare at this house.

The series of representations of Mr. Halliday's drama of *Amy*

*Robsart*, at the Standard, met with signal success and terminated on Saturday night; since then this theatre has been devoted to Shakspearian performances; *The Winter's Tale* and *Hamlet* being represented alternately during the week for the *début* in England of a celebrated Australian actress, Miss Dolores Drummond, who appeared as "Hermione" in the former, and as "Ophelia" in the latter. Mr. Pennington being the "Leontes" and "Hamlet"; *Katherine and Petruchio* has concluded the performance each night, except Wednesday. The play of *The Bridal* is in preparation here, for Miss Drummond in the leading character.

*Vert-Vert*, after its unexpectedly long run at the Globe was represented for the last time on Tuesday night, to make way for the old travestie of *Hamlet*, by Poole, the author of *Paul Pry*, which having been somewhat modernised by Mr. Frank Green, was revived on Wednesday night, but with a cast almost entirely different to that with which this dramatic fossil was so successfully and effectively played here on Saturday week for the benefit of Mr. Odell, who then impersonated the travestied Danish Prince with such genuine burlesque humour. With the exceptions of Mr. George Barrett and Mlle. Camille Dubois, who resumed their parts of the "Ghost" and "Horatio," all the others find different exponents. Mr. Leonard Boyne now plays "Hamlet," Mr. Frank Wood "King Claudius," Mr. John Hudspeth "Polonus," Mr. G. Beckett "Laertes," Miss Louisa Payne the "Queen," and Miss Maria Bramah "Ophelia." *East Lynne* still continues the leading piece in the bill.

On Thursday night the favourite actor and popular manager of the Olympic, Mr. Henry Neville, took his annual benefit, on which occasion, in addition to the still attractive drama of *The Two Orphans*, *Planche's* one-act comedy of *Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady* was performed, with Mr. Neville as "Ruy Gomez" (for the first time in London), and Miss Fowler as the "Duchess de Tarrenne."

At the Alexandra Theatre, where *Leah*, with Mrs. George Owen's impressive personation of the persecuted Jewess has proved highly attractive, the romantic drama, *The Convicts of Lyons*, has taken the place of *Aurora Floyd* in the bills during the week, and *Leah* will be replaced to-night by Mr. Boucicault's Irish drama, *The Colleen Bawn*.

The new series of representations of English comedies at the Crystal Palace, under the direction of Mr. Charles Wyndham, commenced on Tuesday afternoon, when *The Merchant of Venice* was performed, with Messrs. Creswick, Pennington, Standing, R. H. Teesdale, Charles Wyndham, Miss Rachel Sanger, Miss Emily Duncan, and Miss Genevieve Ward, in the leading characters. The success attending the first performance was so great, that *The Merchant of Venice* was repeated on Thursday. These performances are to be continued on successive Tuesdays and Thursdays, till Tuesday 15th December, and it is intended during the series to include representations of *The Lady of Lyons*, *The Love Chase*, *The School for Intrigue* (Mr. Mortimer's English adaptation of Beaumarchais' celebrated *Figaro*). For the effective rendering of these plays, engagements have been made with the following artists, in addition to those mentioned above in the cast of *The Merchant of Venice*. Mr. Henry Neville, Mr. J. Ryer, Mr. Kendal, Mr. W. H. Stephens, Mr. Lionel Brough, Mr. E. Righton, Mrs. Stirling, Miss Fowler, Miss Ellen Terry, Miss Annie Goodall, and Miss Madge Robertson.

Dr. Lynn at length, after several compulsory postponements, resumed his wonderful and amusing entertainments at the Egyptian Hall on Monday last, and has introduced several novelties and ingenious illusions, the most astounding of which is a mysterious cabinet in which the head and limbs of a man are, palpably to our vision, amputated, again restored, and the individual steps forth unscathed. This is certainly the most amazing of his many illusory feats, and is carried out with singular dexterity and neatness.

To-day the popular Gaiety matinées will be resumed for the season with a performance of Lecocq's *Girofle-Girofla* by the Philharmonic Company, under the direction of Mr. R. Shepherd. There will be also morning performances at the St. James's of *The Black Prince*, and at the Globe of *East Lynne*, preceded by Mr. Soden's new farce *A Trip to Brighton*—and to-night the Criterion Theatre reopens with an English adaptation, by R. Reece, of Lecocq's last new comic opera *Les Prés Saint-Gervais*, which was produced with signal success so recently as Saturday week at the Variétés, Paris. The principal rôle will be sustained by Madame Pauline Rita, lately of the Opéra Comique, when under Mr. D'Oyly Carte's management. The opera is to be produced under the direction of Mrs. W. H. Liston.

To-night also will be produced at Drury Lane, an operetta-bouffe, adapted from the German, by Arthur Matheson, music by Franz von Suppe, and entitled *Ten of 'Em*. On Monday next a new travestie of *Hamlet* will be produced at the Princess's, under the title of *Hamlet the Hysterical; a Delirium in Five Spasms*. Mr. George Belmore will be the "Hamlet"; and at the Royalty a performance will take place under the direction of Mr. Charles Sleigh, by the members of the British Musical and Dramatic Institute. Besides a scene from *King John*, in which Miss Eugenie Forbes, a remarkably clever child of twelve years of age, and a pupil of Mr. Charles Warner, will make her first appearance on the stage, as "Prince Arthur," the programme will include *A Happy Pair*, and Mr. Halliday's comedy, *Checkmate*, both of which will be supported by members of the Institute, who will make their first appearance on the occasion.

SIGNOR VERDI, the eminent composer, has been created by King Victor Emmanuel an Italian senator.

AN operetta-bouffe, adapted from the German by Arthur Mathison, the music by Franz von Suppe, will be produced to-night at Drury Lane, under the title of *Ten of 'Em*.

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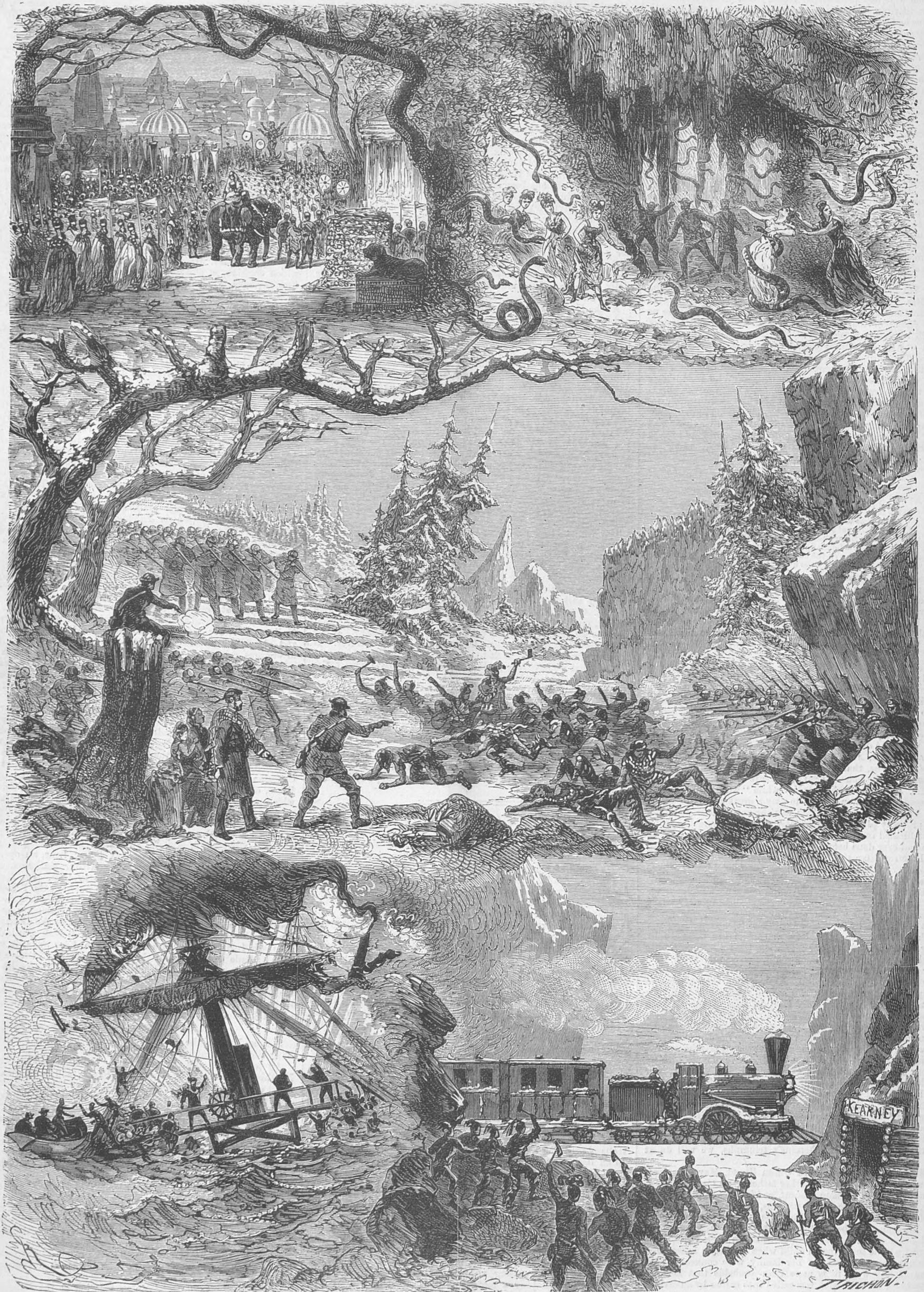
A NEW travestie of *Hamlet* will be produced at the Princess's on Monday next, under the title of *Hamlet the Hysterical: a Delirium in Five Spasms*. Mr. George Belmore will sustain the principal character.

MR. ARTHUR MATHISON, as "Blondel," at Drury Lane, is now singing a song of his own writing and composition, entitled "Lion Heart's Banner," in place of the ineffective ballad which was allotted to him on the production of *Richard Cœur-de-Lion*.

MR. HOLLINGSHEAD opens the Holborn Amphitheatre on Saturday, 19th December, with an operatic and pantomime company. The Christmas attraction will be the comic opera *Cinderella* (the music selected chiefly from Rossini), with a pantomime ending.

THE play of *The Bridal* is in preparation at the Standard for the Australian actress, Miss Dolores Drummond, who made her first appearance in England at this theatre on Monday, as "Hermione," in *The Winter's Tale*, and on Wednesday and last night enacted "Ophelia."

MR. LENNOX HORNE, the dramatic author, died at his residence at Clapham, on Friday last week, from inflammation of the lungs, aged 67. He was the author of *Two Heads are Better than One*, and one of his last productions was the *Tale (Tail) of a Comet*, which was played at Drury Lane Theatre about two years ago.



"LE TOUR DU MONDE EN QUATRE-VINGT JOURS," AT THE PORTE-SAINT-MARTIN THEATRE, PARIS.

THE CAVE OF SERPENTS.—AN EASTERN FUNERAL.—MASSACRE OF SAVAGES.—A TRAIN ATTACKED BY INDIANS.—EXPLOSION OF THE STEAMER "HENRIETTA"



SCENES FROM "LOO, AND THE PARTY WHO TOOK MISS," AT THE STRAND THEATER.

## OPÉRA COMIQUE.

IXION RE-WHEEL'D.

A CROWDED and for this season of the year unusually brilliant audience attended the reopening of this very elegant theatre on Saturday night, under the management of Miss Amy Sheridan, who has surrounded herself with a company not only numerically strong, but in the majority of instances possessed of qualifications above the aggregate average of burlesque companies for burlesque or opéra-bouffe—which styles of entertainment seem likely to form the leading features of the present régime. Among the leading members are several established popular favourites, including Miss Pattie Laverne, Miss Eleanor Buxton, Miss Rose Berend, Mrs. R. Power, Mr. J. Stoyle, Mr. F. Sullivan, Mr. J. H. Jarvis, and Mr. Richard Temple. The inaugural programme comprised a *petite* comedy by Messrs. John Oxenford and Horace Wigan, entitled *Love in a Fix*, and a new opéra-bouffe extravaganza, by Mr. Burnand, under the title of *Ixion Re-wheel'd*; but both unfortunately suffered from insufficiency of rehearsals, especially the former, which was only saved from utter and summary condemnation, by the genial archness and unflagging vivacity and spirit of Miss Eleanor Buxton. *Love in a Fix*, however, turned out to be only a new name for the comedietta adapted from the French, and produced some few years ago at the Strand Theatre, under the title of *Widow's Weeds*. There are only four characters in the piece. Miss Buxton and Miss Amy Berend did their best, and looked charming in their very elegant and *recherché toilettes* as the two fascinating widows, 'Mrs. Heartfree,' and 'Mrs. Lennox,' for them was nothing but applause, but it was a trying ordeal for them to maintain their self-possession under the torrents of chaff and derision incessantly evoked by the awkwardness and incapacity of Mr. Temple as the lover, 'Reginald Tracy,' and the utter obliviousness of the text of the part of 'Mouldy,' the old gardener and factotum, by Mr. F. Sullivan, whose incessant iteration of the phrase, 'Look here, my lady,' drew down shouts of ridicule.

Mr. Burnand's opéra-bouffe extravaganza, *Ixion Re-wheel'd*, is a new version of his famous Royalty burlesque, *Ixion*, entirely rewritten in prose instead of the rhyme of the original, and extended into three acts of ten *tableaux*; but so far it cannot be said to have been improved by the process it has undergone, for what it has gained in amplification, it has lost to some extent in coherence and briskness of action. It is, however, full almost to repletion of verbal puns, practical fun, and allusions to events of the day grotesquely introduced; while more than ordinary care and expense have been lavished in the production to deserve at least, if not ensure, success. It is splendidly mounted, with exquisite scenery by Messrs. Telbin and W. Hann, and the richest and most picturesque of costumes, combining all the grace, originality, and harmonious blending of colour for which their designer, Alfred Thompson, is so celebrated. It is further embellished by an abundance of music, skillfully arranged by Mr. W. C. Levey, lately of Drury Lane, and now director at this house, comprising judicious selections from Offenbach, Lecocq, Hervé, &c., and some graceful original pieces of his own. Numerous as the characters are in the extravaganza, the majority have little more to do than look well and join in the various choruses and concerted pieces, the opportunity for the display of humorous acting being limited to three or four, viz.: Miss Pattie Laverne, whose vivacious acting and refined and graceful singing as 'Ixion' triumphantly carried away the palm, and gained continuous applause—her clear ringing voice and artistic vocalisation lending essential assistance to the several concerted pieces; while her brilliant execution of the bravura-like verses to the chorus in the second act, 'Happy gods, and free from care,' met with a well-merited encore, exceeded, however, by the enthusiastic demand for a repetition which followed her expressive rendering of the love ditty, 'O Juno, you know,' in the third act. Mr. Stoyle was highly humorous as 'Jupiter.' Mr. Richard Temple, although unsuited for the part of the lover in the comedy, proved himself an admirable actor of burlesque by the quaint and comic manner in which he sustained the part of 'Pluto,' and displayed considerable vocal ability as well, especially in the snatches, 'I am there,' and 'To be or not to be'; and Mrs. R. Power was greatly amusing as 'Minerva'—the series of droll questions propounded in the competitive examination scene, by the blue-stocking'd goddess forming one of the merriest hits of the evening. To the foregoing we should add the 'Mercury' of Mr. F. Sullivan, who made a lively and active messenger of the gods, and Mr. Jarvis's 'Ganymede,' converted into a modern 'Jeames.' Miss Amy Sheridan, magnificently attired as 'Venus,' met with a hearty greeting as she ascended in her gorgeous car. Miss Eleanor Buxton was the stateliest and most imperious of 'Juno's.' Miss Rose Berend's imposing figure well qualified her to represent the 'God of War.' Miss Louisa Beverley, as 'Apollo,' and Miss Mabel Stuart, as 'Cupid,' very pleasingly sang the music allotted to them, and a host of minor divinities were represented by a bevy of other comely members of Miss Sheridan's company. Among the leading scenic features of the extravaganza are the destruction of the temple of Jupiter in the first scene; the effective *tableaux* of the ascent to Olympus of Ixion and Mercury on Jupiter's eagle, which terminates the first act; and the departure of Apollo in the chariot of the sun, as the *finale* to act ii. Although the first representation of the new version of *Ixion* did not pass without strong and unmistakable symptoms of disapprobation from a portion of the audience, there are so many elements of success in the picturesque beauty of the scenery and dresses, good music, the sprightly acting and charming singing of Miss Pattie Laverne, and its spectacular brilliancy, that it only requires to be judiciously and, indeed, unsparsingly curtailed, and the *dramatis personæ* to become thoroughly at home in their parts and in the action, to render *Ixion Re-wheel'd* not only attractive but successful.

## Music.

Music intended for notice in the "Monthly Review of New Music," on the last Saturday of each month, must be sent on or before the previous Saturday.

Benefit Concerts will not (as a rule) be noticed, unless previously advertised in our columns.

## SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE forty-third season of this well-known society was inaugurated yesterday week. The occasion was not signalised by the production of any music novelty, but in the absence of any such attractions, perhaps the wisest course was adopted in giving Mendelssohn's popular oratorio, *Elijah*. This great work has taken a firm hold on public affection, and stands in the same category with Händel's immortal *Messiah* and Haydn's *Creation*. It contains nothing which can match the grandeur of the former work, although the chorus of the "Priests of Baal" approaches sublimity in its intensity of expression. It does not possess so large an amount of charming melody as the *Creation*. But partaking, as it does, the characteristics of both these great works, it has a charm of its own in the strong dramatic interest attached to the actions and utterances of Elijah. For the due presentation of the music assigned to the Prophet it is not sufficient to provide a finished singer; he who would do justice to it must be endowed with fine dramatic instinct, regulated by good taste—so that the

stirring incidents and changeful emotions developed in the story may be effectively presented, without any exaggeration or theatrical effect. Four years ago the manager of a London theatre applied to the Lord Chamberlain for permission to produce the oratorio on the stage as a Lenten entertainment! The application was shudderingly refused, and possibly the Lord Chamberlain was right; but there can be no doubt that, apart from the question of propriety, the strong dramatic interest of the work would have rendered *Elijah* strikingly successful. How powerfully written is the scene with the widow, who, having unlimited belief in his supernatural powers, calls on Elijah to restore the breath of life to her dead child! Full of faith, yet afraid to appear presumptuous, he implores this boon of the Almighty. Again and again he repeats his petition, each time redoubling his fervency, until an almost painful sympathy is aroused by his intense earnestness; and when the miracle is worked, and the re-born child given back to its mother's embrace, Elijah seeks not to exalt himself, but joins the happy mother in singing the praises of God. What, again, can be more essentially dramatic than the scene in which Elijah mocks the Priests of Baal, who have vainly called on their idol to send down fire upon their altar! With bitter irony Elijah tells them to "Call louder! for, peradventure, he sleepeth; or he is gone upon a journey!" and when his scorn culminates in the question, "For he is a God!" and the idolators become half maddened beneath his bitter sarcasm, how dramatic is his sudden change from the scorner into the Avenger, as he commands the instant execution of "all the priests of Baal!" In strong contrast with these scenes are the closing portions of his career, and the pathetic resignation with which he bears the heavy trials which precede his translation to Paradise. The representation of these varied phases of emotion requires an artist of exceptional vocal and dramatic powers. We can remember the first performance of this work in England; we have heard every artist of eminence who has essayed the title part in *Elijah*, and we say unhesitatingly that only one artist has, up to this time, done it justice. That artist is Mr. Santley; who rendered it yesterday week so admirably, both as regards excellence of vocalisation and mastery of expression, that his fine performance, had it stood alone, would have made the oratorio worth hearing. Such was the intensity of feeling infused by him into every scene, whether forcible or pathetic, that, when listening with closed eyes, it was difficult to doubt that the story was being dramatically presented. So far as practical realization is concerned, it will be needless to say more than that Mr. Santley fully maintained his great reputation.

Miss Sterling came next in order of merit. She sang the beautiful air, "O rest in the Lord," with purity of expression, and with none of the exaggeration which she sometimes displays. In the concerted music she made herself too prominent at times, to the detriment of the *ensemble*. This is a common fault with young singers. They are anxious to let it be perceived that they, at all events, are singing what is set down for them; while it is the duty of a singer to abstain altogether from self-assertion when joining in concerted music, in order that a happy effect may be derived from a combination of equally balanced forces. Miss Eileen Horne, Miss Marion Severn, Mr. Carter, Mr. Henry, and Mr. Smythson, rendered good service in the concerted music.

Mr. Vernon Rigby, on whom devolved the tenor music of 'Obadiah,' the faithful disciple of the Prophet, has a voice of agreeable quality; which to a certain extent resembles that of Mr. Sims Reeves, whose style he apparently endeavours to imitate. Unfortunately, he is so anxious about quality of tone, that he pays insufficient attention to articulation; and at times it is difficult to say in what language he is singing. This is a serious defect, especially in oratorio. It can easily be remedied; and Mr. Rigby is in most other respects so good an artist, that it is to be hoped he will soon render the enjoyment of his listeners complete by letting them hear the words, as well as the music which he has to sing.

Of Madame Alvsleben, the principal soprano on this occasion, it is impossible to speak favourably. Her voice appears to have become permanently injured from forcing, and her intonation is frequently unsatisfactory. To this cause must be attributed the cold reception of the beautiful double quartette: "For He shall give his angels charge over thee;" and the equally beautiful unaccompanied trio, for female voices, "Lift thine eyes." Nothing can be more absurd than the parrot cry in favour of "native talent" in the presence of foreign talent of a higher order. But the converse of the proposition is equally true; and it would be absurd, as well as a violation of duty, to excuse in a foreign artist defects for which a native artist would be condemned. We are sorry to say that we have never heard the solo soprano music in *Elijah* so unsatisfactorily sung.

The band and chorus are this season greatly improved, particularly the latter. Sir Michael Costa is still conductor, and is a "tower of strength." With its great resource, what might not the Sacred Harmonic Society do for art, were it not content to repeat a hackneyed *répertoire*, and to combine artistic culture with commercial operations!

## CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

THE principal feature of the last Crystal Palace Concert was the first presentation there of Spohr's Symphony in E flat, No. 1 (op. 20)—a work which, although written more than sixty years ago, is still fresh in spirit, and highly enjoyable. The work has often been performed by the Philharmonic Society of London, and is a welcome addition to the *répertoire* of the Crystal Palace. A complete novelty was provided, in the shape of a Pianoforte Concerto in A major, the second of the three concerts written by Liszt. The solo pianist was Mr. Dannreuther, who displayed wonderful executive power in surmounting the many difficulties which the work presented. Apart from his display of manipulative skill, the performance was quite unworthy a place in a Crystal Palace Concert. The concerto consists of one movement only, but this includes within itself no less than seven changes of time and expression. At least, so said the programme, but without a pianoforte score it was next to impossible to detect the transitions indicated by the composer. There was no attempt at symmetry of form, no recurrence of leading phrases, no resemblance to what are the ordinary and accepted models; and a more chaotic effect could hardly have been produced had the notes been drawn, hap-hazard, out of the toy known as the musical kaleidoscope. Why was such trash allowed to figure in the programme? Are instrumental soloists allowed to play whatever they choose? If so, it is time the system were altered. One consideration forces itself into notice. Mr. Dannreuther is one of a select body of sensible young men who recently announced, with several flourishes of portentous trumpets, that they had established themselves as a "Society for the Higher Development of Pianoforte Music." Mr. Walter Bache, one of this body, at the Crystal Palace Concert on Saturday week, played Weber's "Polonaise Brillante" in E, written by Weber for pianoforte alone, but not content to play the piece as Weber intended, he chose to play it with the emendations, and above all, the orchestral accompaniments, which Liszt has had the impertinence to hook on to Weber's work. If the "higher development of pianoforte music" is to be carried out by the study and performance of such works as those selected from Liszt by Mr. Bache and

Mr. Damuenther, it will probably extend its blessings to a very limited circle; for none but fanatics are likely to endure such inflictions with patience. Both these gentlemen are admirable executants, and would be heartily welcomed as exponents of legitimate and comprehensible music. As expositors of the wild vagaries of their present idols, their undoubted abilities are wasted.

Madame Campobello-Sinico sang in finished style airs by Rossini and Haydn, and Mr. Vernon Rigby sang the tenor song from Sullivan's "Light of the World," and Schubert's "Secret." The overtures to the *Zauberflöte*, and to *Ruy Blas* completed the programme. At this day's concert Händel's setting of "L'Allegro ed il Penseroso" will be performed, for the first time at the Palace,—a welcome boon.

## ALBERT HALL CONCERTS.

THESE concerts have been carried on during the past week in conformity with the original scheme, and with the same disregard of logical propriety as hitherto. Thus, on the so-called "English night" (last Tuesday), three pieces were played, which were *not* by English composers. At last night's so-called "Wagner" concert, six of the ten pieces contained in the programme were *not* by Wagner. On the "classical night" (Wednesday last), the fourth piece in the programme was announced as "New Song, 'The Wren's Nest' (first time), J. Lemmens." Mr. Lemmens may be a good musician; but what right his song had to be introduced among the compositions of Händel, Mozart, Weber, and Mendelssohn, it is difficult to imagine; and it is equally difficult to comprehend how a song, announced to be sung on this occasion for the "first time," could have already become "classical." There are other shortcomings, which deserve rebuke, notably the performance of *Israel in Egypt*, on Thursday last, without any principal bass singers; the famous duet, "The Lord is a Man-of-war," being mangled by the whole body of male choristers, as at the Albert Hall last season. The programme speaks of the "great success last season" of this singular performance, but every musical judge knows that from the sheer impossibility of obtaining perfect consentaneousness in three or four hundred singers, the florid passages and double runs, which require care when sung by *tutto* accomplished vocalists, become involved in hideous confusion. If it be desirable to save the expense of engaging two principal *bassi*, let the bass music be left out, rather than allow profanation of a great work.

Having said much in the way of censure, we may now enjoy the more pleasing task of offering commendation. The programmes of the "Popular" Concerts, given on Saturday nights, are full of choice music; and good artists are always engaged. The "Popular" concert, announced for to-night, is full of attractions, the chief being Mr. Sims Reeves. The band has improved, and will next week be strengthened by the arrival of several distinguished instrumentalists, who have up to this time been engaged at the Covent Garden Concerts. They will probably render more equal the balance of power between the "strings" and the "wind;" and will not arrive a day too soon.

**MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.**—The fifth Monday Popular Concert of this season was given last Monday at St. James's Hall before a scanty audience, the fog having probably kept the subscribers and the general public at home. Those who attended the concert had a pleasant musical evening. Haydn's well-known quartett in E flat, op. 71, No. 3, was interpreted by Madame Norman Neruda (who was cordially greeted), MM. Rico, Zerbini, and Piatti. The great violincellist was warmly applauded, and played as exquisitely as ever. Miss Zimmerman played in excellent style the Mendelssohn sonata in E major, op. 6, originally introduced at these concerts eleven years ago, by Madame Arabella Goddard, and took part in a trio by Schumann, and a duet by Schubert. Madame Neruda played better than ever. The vocalist was Mr. Santley, who sang Stradella's Hymn, and the "Erl King," substituting for the latter, when encored, J. L. Hatton's fine song "To Anthea." Sir Julius Benedict conducted with his usual skill.

**COVENT GARDEN CONCERTS.**—As we shall next week give a retrospective notice of the Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden, it will not now be necessary to say more than that the concerts during this, the final week, have presented undiminished attraction; that the programme for to-night is filled with popular music, and is to be interpreted by popular artists; and that on Monday next there will be an extra concert for the benefit of Mr. John Russell, acting manager of the concerts, a gentleman whose zeal and ability in the management of this great undertaking can only be surpassed by his kindness and urbanity to all who have recourse to his good offices. It will be the last chance of seeing Covent Garden Theatre with its present gay decorations, and is likely to attract a crowded house.

THE Czarewitch, accompanied by Prince Bariatinsky, Prince Walkonsky, Lord Dunmore, and Colonel Byng, honoured the Strand Theatre with his presence on Thursday evening, last week; and on Friday his Imperial Highness and the Grand Duke Alexis, with their suites, visited the Globe Theatre.

**GAIETY THEATRE.**—Their Imperial Highnesses the Czarewitch and the Grand-duke Alexis, accompanied by his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh and the Russian Ambassador, were present at this theatre on Saturday evening, being their third visit to witness *The Island of Bachelors* and *Oil and Vinegar*.

We have received the programme of Professor Heinemann's lectures for the season 1874-75, which appears unusually interesting and attractive. Prominent among other subjects is the second lecture, on "The Present Struggle between Church and State in Germany." Professor Heinemann is so well and popularly known as a lecturer that any word of recommendation from us is really superfluous.

We beg to call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the Pure Wine Association, whose specialty is the supply of the wines of Spain and Portugal, guaranteed free from plaster and its effects. Their sherries are remarkably pure and natural, and may be obtained at very reasonable rates. In fact this house, whose offices are at 22, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, is the only one where unplastered sherries can be obtained. Connoisseurs in wines will appreciate at its full value the significance of the word "unplastered," and to those who do not profess to understand it, we can only recommend a visit to the Pure Wine Association.

**EPPS'S COCOA.**—**GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.**—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a deliciously flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack whenever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame." —*Civil Service Gazette*.—[ADVT.]

**ROYAL OPERA HOTEL, BOW-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN** (W.M. Hogg, Proprietor).—W. Hogg begs to inform his friends visiting the Theatres and the general public that the above hotel is open for their reception, under entire new management. Visitors from the country will find every comfort combined with economy at this old establishment. Ladies and gentlemen with children visiting the morning performances will find a very comfortable coffee-room and luncheons always ready. Dinners from the joint as usual. Good beds and private rooms. Public and private Billiard Rooms. A Night Porter.—[ADVT.]

## PORTE-SAINT-MARTIN THEATRE, PARIS.

LE TOUR DU MONDE EN QUATRE-VINGT JOURS.

THIS piece, which at the present time is exciting the entire Parisian world, is said to be one of the most fantastic, and at the same time one of the best dressed plays that have ever been placed upon the continental stage. The several characters are supported by Messrs. Dumaine, Alexandre, Vannoy, and Mdlles. Moreau, Dorina Mérante, and Laurençon. Of these, M. Vannoy appears successively as an English policeman, a Hindoo fakir, a California gold digger, and a negro cook, and in each character is said to act à merveille. The different scenes are laid in India, on the Suez Canal, the Rocky Mountains, among the Malays, the Arabs, and the North American Indians, and the piece is diversified with characteristic ballets and savage dances, in which Mdlles. Mérante and Laurençon are the principal performers, and which raise the enthusiasm of the *jeunesse dorée* of the gay Parisian capital to its highest pitch.

At present our adapters have not yet seized upon this latest composition of Messrs. d'Ennery and Jules Verne for representation on our own stage, but if we are rightly informed, English managers will quail before the expense involved in the production of real elephants, serpents, and other "fête nature" behind the footlights, not to mention "the explosion of the Yankee steamboat," and "the attack on a railway train by Indians in the Far West," which, we are assured, are masterpieces of the scene-painter's and machinist's art.

## Foreign Correspondence.

PARIS, Thursday, November 26.

THE racing meetings at this season of the year bear some resemblance to the first and after pieces at the theatre, when the players perform to almost empty houses. The meeting at Vésinet on Sunday, notwithstanding the fine weather, was no exception to the rule. There was a very poor attendance, and very few horses presented themselves at the post. The favourites were, in most cases, unsuccessful.

The Prix du Chemin-de-fer was a hurdle-race for £40, for horses of three years and more; distance 2700 metres; entry £2. Hic, belonging to Mr. Thorp, won easily, beating Sonnette, second, and Almenèches, third. The value of the stakes was £74. Betting, 3 to 1 against Sonnette, 5 to 1 against Hic, 8 to 1 against Almenèches. Nine horses ran.

The Prix du Pavillon was a hurdle handicap for £50, for horses of any sort and any country. Entry, £4; forfeit, £1. The second horse to receive twice his entrance money. Distance 2400 metres. Jaguar, belonging to Thorp, won in a canter, beating Niche, second, and Provost-Marshall, third. Betting, 2 to 1 on Niche. The value of the stakes was £58.

The Prix d'Adieu was a steeple-chase handicap for £40, for horses of three years and more, of any sort and any country. Entry, £4; forfeit, £1. The second horse to receive twice his entrance money. M. Alexandre's Quarteronne, ridden by Mr. Thorp, led throughout the race and won easily. Collerette was second and Sonnette third, the latter having fallen as she passed the stand the second time. Betting, 5 to 4 on Sonnette, even on Quarteronne, 3 to 1 against Collerette. Value of the stakes, £48.

The letter from Admiral Rous to the French Jockey Club was taken into consideration a few days ago, but I am assured that the committee came to no positive decision on the subject. Count Daru, I learn, has left for England for the purpose of discussing the matter verbally with the Admiral.

Another Austrian cavalry lieutenant has been backing his horse to perform a certain distance in a given time. His name is Rajkowitz, and he had undertaken to ride from Kronstadt to Vienna in eleven days. He reached Vienna on the 18th, at 9 o'clock at night and won his bet. M. Alexander de Simon, a third officer of Austrian hussars, has bet £100 that he will ride from Kronstadt to Bucharest in twenty-four hours. If the Austrian Minister of War does not put a stop to this mania, we shall soon have the entire Austro-Hungarian cavalry galloping over Europe.

The following figures are interesting. From May 1, 1871, to April 30, 1872, 44 wolves, 38 wild cats, and 404 wild boars, were killed in the immediate neighbourhood of Metz. During the year 1872-1873, 76 wolves, 27 wild cats, and 791 wild boars, were killed.

This week I have only to chronicle the production of one new piece of any importance, *Chemin de Damas*, a comedy in three acts, by M. Théodore Barrière, and the revival of *Les Amours du Diable*. The former was produced at the Vaudeville, and the latter at the Opéra Populaire.

The Marquis de Paripiano-Parisiani, the hero of the *Chemin de Damas*, is a determined *vivier*, arrived at the age of fifty after having gone through all that a man who had "lived," as people called it, would have gone through in thirty years—

Trois mille noms d'amour! Trois mille noms de femmes!  
Pas un qu'avec des pleurs il n'aït halbutié!

One day, while idling away his time at Arcachon, this grey-haired Don Juan, of aldermanic proportions, meets an old victim, the Countess de Givres, accompanied by her husband and her grown-up daughter, a lovely blue-eyed charmer of some eighteen years of age. The old sinner reflects, and eventually comes to the conclusion that this child is his daughter. He looks back on his past life with feelings of regret. He has nothing to care for, nothing to cling to, nothing to love! He is getting old; men of his own age look upon him as a *maurais sujet*, younger men only just tolerate him; woman, lovely woman, no longer smiles upon him. He at last views things in their proper light; he remembers the Apostle Paul's journey to Damascus, and he sees that he has been kicking against the pricks all his lifetime. Honour forbids his making himself known to his daughter, and he is even obliged to go away from Arcachon in order that he may not be an obstacle to her happiness. He has been caught hiding some of her flowers in his bosom, and M. de Givres is beginning to look on him with suspicion. He sees that it is impossible to remain at Arcachon any longer, and he determines to retire from the scene, carrying along with him his secret and his feelings of remorse. M. Théodore Barrière is a clever writer; his comedy is witty in parts, and well written throughout; but when I have said that, I have bestowed upon it all the praise it deserves. Like all modern French comedies, it is built up on a breach of the Seventh Commandment, which is not merely objectionable, but has positively been done to death in plays of different kinds. The *Chemin de Damas* has no plot, and as a matter of course was unsuccessful notwithstanding the gorgeous scenery and the costly toilettes of Mdlle. Massin and others.

*Les Amours du Diable* is a fairy opera in four acts, by M. de Saint-Georges, music by Grisar. It was tolerably successful, thanks to the singing and acting of Mdme. Reboux, with whom my readers will be familiar. The other performers, with perhaps the exception of Nicot, the tenor, are very indifferent. It is quite painful to hear Mdme. Vidal and Mdlles. Foliani and Rizzio invariably sing false. The piece seems to have been made up partly from

*Le Diable Amoureux*, *Robert le Diable*, and *Les Pilules du Diable*. The scenery coupled with the dress of Mdme. Reboux, who made herself appear very fascinating, were the principal attractions of the evening.

Alexandre Dumas' *Jeunesse de Louis XIV* was produced in Munich on the 8th of the present month. The German version is from the pen of the court newsman and poet Schneegans. It seems that in the forest scene there is real earth and real shrubs, during the storm water is poured down from the top of the theatre to represent rain.

The manager of the Théâtre des Fantaisies Parisiennes of Brussels has recently accepted a new opéra-bouffe in three acts, the libretto by MM. Léopold Stapleaux and Armand d'Artois, and the music by M. Serpette, the composer of *The Broken Branch*. It will be called *La Cour des Miracles*, but will not be produced before the latter part of next year.

The Dunkerque theatre has been closed by order of the town council on account of the riotous behaviour of the audience. It appears that M. Daiglemont, the manager, who is more than sixty years of age, would insist on playing young men's parts, notwithstanding the disapproval of the audience. Some time ago he was fairly hissed off the stage, not, however, before he had slightly revenged himself by freely abusing his patrons in very unparliamentary language for what he termed their cowardice. For this behaviour the audience, not unreasonably, I think, demanded a few words of apology, which M. Daiglemont declined to utter. Most of the subscribers then refused to renew their subscriptions, but they nevertheless visited the theatre from time to time, paying their money at the door like ordinary mortals. At last, a few nights ago, just as the curtain was being drawn up, the spectators began to make a "big row." There was whistling, cock-crowing, hissing, bleating of sheep, braying of donkeys, the famous "Des lampions, des lampions," with several hundred pairs of feet beating time on the floor, shouts, shrieks, and yells, amidst which one heard a few voices demanding an apology of the manager. This disturbance had been going on for about ten minutes when the commissary of police made his appearance, and endeavoured to obtain a hearing, but he was, of course, unsuccessful. Subsequently the house was cleared by the police, the money being returned at the doors, and the theatre has since been kept closed.

A French newspaper gives the following amusing, but somewhat indiscreet, memoir of Mdlle. Rousset, who, it will be remembered, was not considered sufficiently talented for the Comédie Française, and who is now the life of the *Idole*, at the Théâtre des Arts, the most successful comedy that has been produced in Paris for some time. Mdlle. Rousset, says our Parisian contemporary, commenced life as an orange girl, on the steps of the theatre of Niort, her native town—something like Nelly Gwynne. The family consisted of eight children, only three of whom are living. The parents were poor. In 1851 the father was exiled. Mdlle. Rousset then came to Paris, and was apprenticed to a dressmaker. Subsequently, however, she took to selling flowers on the Place Cadet, and let out chairs with her mother on the Place de la Madeleine. Later on the little bouguetièr entered the Conservatoire. After three year's study, she left that admirable institution, one similar to which is so much required in our own country, with a first tragedy and a second comedy prize, and a few months afterwards, that is to say, in September, 1861, was engaged at the Odéon, where she created the principal women's parts in *L'Institutrice*, by Paul Foucher, *Les Vacances du Docteur*, by Amédée Rolland, and *La Dernière Idole*, by Daudet and Lépine. In 1863 she accepted an engagement at the Théâtre Français; but for reasons best known to the manager, she never made her *début*, although she was engaged at the theatre for a whole year. In 1864, she went to the Porte-St.-Martin, and remained there for three years, playing in the *Filibustiers de la Sonore*, by Amédée Rolland; *La Reine Cotillon*, by Paul Féval, and *Les Drames du Cabaret*, by Denney and Bourget. She also performed in Jules Barbier's *Maxwell*, at the Ambigu. She was engaged for six months at Cairo. On her return she debuted at the Bordeaux theatre, and at the end of her engagement was to have come to Paris, to take the part of 'Jeanne d'Arc,' at the Gaîté. The success of *Orphée aux Enfers*, however, compelled the manager to postpone the new piece; and it was just at that time that the authors of *L'Idole* offered her the principal part in their new comedy. She accepted, and her engagement with the Gaîté was cancelled by mutual consent. I have already called attention to her success in *L'Idole*; and in only remains for me to add that her admirable rendering of the part has placed her among the first actresses of comedy in the world.

A new star, named Mdlle. Marie Destin, is announced to appear shortly at the Italian Opera. She was born at Vienna on April 11, 1844. Her parents belonged to the nobility. She was placed in a convent as a child, and was about to take the veil in 1863 when an old friend of the family, having heard her sing, persuaded one of her brothers, an officer in the army, to bring her up to the musical profession. In April, 1864, she debuted in the *Huguenots*, at the National Theatre of Pesth, and on November 7, 1866, she appeared at La Scala, Milan, in *L'Africaine*. Subsequently she sang in Rome, Turin, Florence, Trieste, and, I believe, also in London. She is new, however, to the Parisians, and a great fuss is being made about her in the papers.

The first fifteen performances of *Patrie* by Sardou, the most successful piece that was ever brought out at the Porte-St.-Martin Theatre, produced £3806. These figures have, however, been eclipsed by the produce of the first fifteen performances of *Le Tour du Monde en quatre-vingt jours*, which have brought in over £4531.

The Opéra Comique announces a new opera, the libretto by Jules Barbier, and the music by Gounod, for next spring.

Verdi has recently been made a senator by the King of Italy.

*La Cigale et la Fourmi*, by MM. Legouvé and Labiche, will shortly be produced at the Théâtre Français.

Mdme. Christine Nilsson has been engaged to give a certain number of performances at Nantes theatre in the course of next January.

Franz Liszt has been named director of the Landes-Musik-Academie of Hungary.

M. Laboureau, first low comedian of the Caen theatre, a young actor only twenty-five years of age, has just died of hydrophobia, occasioned by the bite of a dog. He was bitten just before leaving Paris a few weeks ago, but it was only last Sunday that he showed signs of madness.

The eldest brother of the author of the *Tannhäuser*, Albert Wagner, who was at one time tenor at the Berlin Opera House, has just died, at the age of sixty-five years.

The *Figaro* announced the other day that a grand frog supper had been given the previous evening by Mdlle. L——, a personage whom I have good reasons for believing only exists in the lively imagination of the author of the paragraph in question. At midnight, according to the author, a footman entered the *salon* and announced: "Les crapauds de Madame sont servis!" The joke was good, but the author appears to have forgotten that frogs go to sleep during the winter, and that they are consequently not only out of season, but it is quite impossible to catch any, as they lie at the bottom of the water. Even if they could be caught, they would be exceedingly bad eating.

## Our Captions Critic.



## THE LION COMIQUE.

[AFTER CAMPBELL.]

Our voices sung truce—for we thrice had encored  
That music-hall star with the glass in his eye;  
And hundreds sunk low who the chorus had roared,  
The thoughtless to laugh, the judicious to sigh.  
When reposing that night on my soft feather bed,  
By the window that looks into Rosemary Lane,  
At the time of the night that is christened "the dead"  
A dream undesirable troubled my brain.

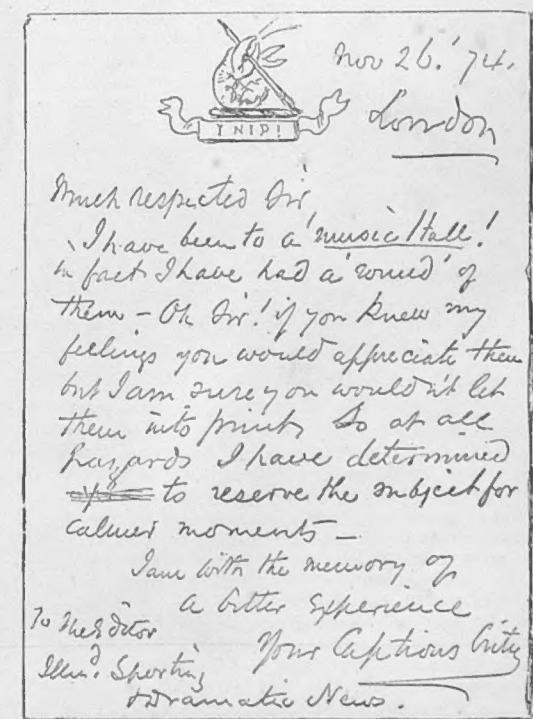
Methought musty law-books I'd tossed to the dogs,  
And anew I had started my fortune to seek;  
And, attired in the most indescribable togs,  
I had gone on the stage as a "Lion Comique."  
I flew to the hall I had entered so oft,  
And fondly to ancient traditions I clung;  
I heard the applause as my beaver I doffed,  
And oh! the preposterous rubbish I sung.

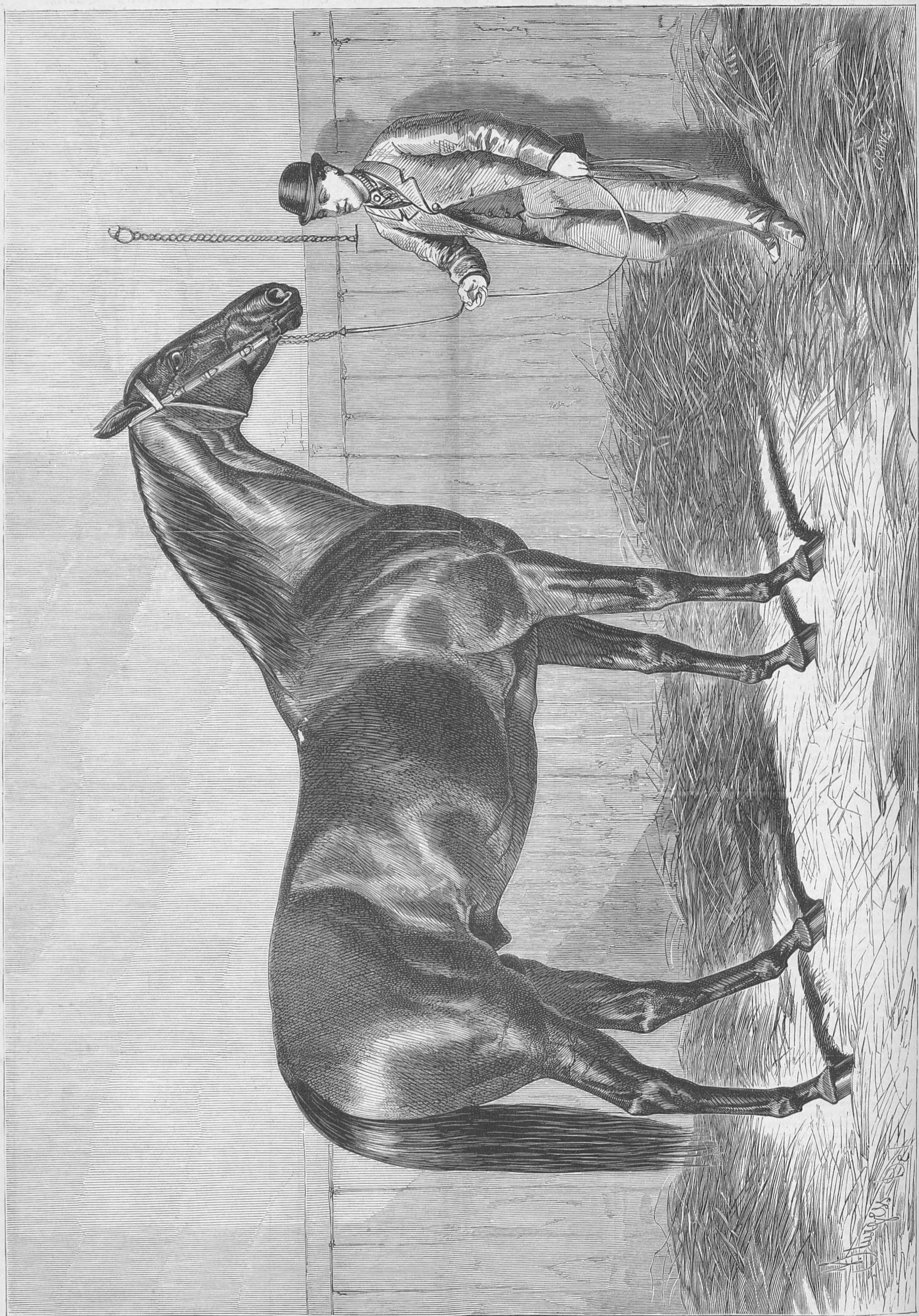
Then pledged we the wine-cup till loudly I swore  
I would never go home, but repose in the gutter;  
The kindly police gathered round me and bore  
My insensible body away on a shutter.  
"Oh lingo!" I cried, "ye are weary and worn"  
But they sadly and silently melted away,  
As my dream was dispelled by the dawning of morn,  
And I felt rather ill for the rest of the day.

G. S. B.



[We have received the above verses from our "Captious Critic, with the subjoined note. He has evidently suffered much from his visits to music-halls, but we trust in time he will be sufficiently recovered to give us his experiences, if only as a warning to others.—Ed. I. S. & D. N.]





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length of cannon bone and from the point of the hock to the ground which made his sire look leggy; while the shoulders, back, and couplings of both leave much to be desired, though the slackness of loin is not so conspicuous in Vedette as in Voltigeur. The legs of Vedette, however, are clean and good, and his finest quality, when in training, was his action, which, as John Scott said of Velocipede's, was "perfection." In fact, as has been well remarked, good action is one of the characteristics of the Blacklock tribe, more especially of the descendants of the white-legged chestnut of whom "The Wizard" spoke so highly. Though, however, there may be more of the Beast than the Beauty about Vedette, it must not be forgotten that "handsome is that handsome does," and should John Dawson lead Galopin home a Derby winner, there will be plenty to pay the tribute to success, and to discover in Vedette many marvellous points which have hitherto escaped the sight of the so-called *cognoscenti* in horseflesh. Many haters of the so-called "accursed blood" would, we are willing to believe, consent to eat the leek for the sake of seeing such an excellent stamp of sportsman as the Prince win a Derby, in which his animals, from Tambour Major down to Typhoeus, have been pursued with such unrelenting ill luck. In the meantime it rests with Speculum to sustain the family honours, and we may have the opportunity of some further remarks on the "family" when that worthy comes under our notice.

## COURT OF EXCHEQUER.—NOVEMBER 19.

(*Sittings in Banco, before the LORD CHIEF BARON and Barons CLEASY and AMPHILLETT.*)

## THE HONDURAS RAILWAY COMPANY v. LEFÈVRE.

SIR H. JAMES, Q.C., on behalf of the defendant, M. Lefèvre, a native of France, but a gentleman residing generally in England, applied for a rule *nisi* to rescind or vary an order made by Baron Pollock on October 23 last, to remit such order back to the learned judge, to rescind or vary it or to permit to the defendant in pursuance of the subject-matter of such order to pay a certain sum of money into court in discharge of it. The circumstances connected with this order were of a somewhat peculiar and exceptional character, and if effect were to be given to it he thought that it would disclose a grave scandal in the administration of the law. M. Lefèvre was the owner of considerable property, and was well known in this country as possessing the largest stud of race-horses in training in the world. He had a residence in Newmarket. The Honduras Railway Company was, he believed, established ostensibly for the purpose of forming a line of railway to connect the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. A board of directors was formed, and its chairman was a distinguished member of the bar and one of her Majesty's counsel. The success of the company was somewhat limited. Only £40,000 debentures were issued, and they claimed £80,000 from the defendant on the ground that his alleged secretary, or agent, in a certain conversation had promised that he would take up debentures to that amount, or procure them to be taken up. The defendant utterly denied that the party in question was either his secretary or agent, or that he had ever spoken to him in his life, or that he had given to any person the slightest authority to pledge his credit in connection with the projected railway. The order of Baron Pollock was made principally upon the affidavit of Major Peel, who was an officer of the army on half-pay, and a director of the company which proposed to raise the necessary capital for the formation of the projected line of railway by the issuing of debentures and the raising of loans. The deponent stated that the defendant was a contractor and agent of said loans in this country, that about a fortnight before then, he (the deponent) was at the County Club in Albemarle Street, when he met a Mr. Arthur Bignold, of the same street, whom he believed to be the friend of the defendant; that the said Arthur Bignold in the course of conversation stated that in his opinion the company would never get anything out of the defendant, as he was making preparations for flitting; that he understood he intended immediately to leave England and to go abroad in order to remove himself from the jurisdiction of her Majesty's courts of law. After setting forth the statement that the defendant through his alleged agent had undertaken to take or dispose of £80,000 of the debentures of the company, the deponent went on to say that he had been informed that the defendant endeavoured to secure himself against the claims of the company upon him by making over his horses and other property to Count Lagrange. The learned counsel, in commenting upon this part of the affidavit, stated that there was not a word of truth in the allegation—that the defendant was still the sole owner of his stud of 43 horses, and had only entered into an agreement with Count Lagrange with respect to the profits arising from these horses. The precise words of the deponent in this affidavit were as follows, viz.:—I believe, from common rumour and report, that he is about to sell and otherwise dispose of all his effects in this country, and to go abroad; and for the reasons stated in this and other paragraphs in this affidavit I think there is a probable cause for believing that the defendant is about to quit England and proceed to some other country outside the jurisdiction of her Majesty's courts, unless he is prevented by an order of this court." The affidavit then went on to say that the presence of the defendant in this country was necessary for the purpose of obtaining his replies to certain interrogatories, and of discovering certain important documents supposed to be in defendant's possession. An action was commenced by the company against defendant on July 13, 1874, and it was now pending. Upon hearing this and other affidavits of minor importance, Baron Pollock issued an order for the arrest of the defendant, requiring him to give security for £20,000 and to pay £10,000 into court before he could obtain his release. As soon as this order came to his knowledge, he went over to France, as he declined to submit to the indignity of arrest. He, however, instructed a gentleman to get rid of this order by at once paying the £10,000 into court. Application was therefore at once made to Baron Pollock to rescind his order upon the immediate payment of this money. The learned judge, however, declined to interfere further until the defendant was actually in custody. He (Sir H. James) was consequently obliged to submit the matter to the full court, with the view of obtaining an order for the free conduct of M. Lefèvre from Dover to London, to enable him to comply with the order in lodging the £10,000 into court and giving the other security required. In conclusion, the learned counsel referred to the provisions of the 31st and 32nd Vic., c. 68, in support of his application.

The Lord Chief Baron.—Does the affidavit upon which you say the order was issued state no more as to the belief of the deponent than that it was founded upon common rumour and report?

Sir H. James.—No, my Lord.

Baron Cleasby.—This application must be taken as an appeal from Baron Pollock's decision.

Sir H. James.—It is so in effect, my Lord.

Rule *nisi* granted, to be returnable on Saturday.

On Saturday, November 21, Mr. Hawkins, Q.C. (with whom was Mr. H. Tindal Atkinson), appeared to show cause against the rule, and Sir Henry James, Q.C., to support it.

Sir Henry James said he was glad to say that he had come to an arrangement with his learned friend Mr. Hawkins, by which

the Court would be spared any further trouble in the matter, or at all events for some time to come. He was desirous of stating that the defendant, M. Lefèvre, had been anxious in every way to obey the process of the Court, and it had now been arranged, subject to the sanction of their Lordships, that the order should be suspended, and all proceedings under it stayed, the defendant placing £5000 on deposit in a banker's hands, in the joint names of the plaintiffs' and defendant's solicitors, the rule to be enlarged till next Term, the arrangement to be without prejudice to the rights of either side.

The Lord Chief Baron.—This, Sir Henry, I presume, will enable M. Lefèvre to return to this country at once.

Sir H. James.—That is so, and with that object we arrived at the present arrangement.

Mr. Hawkins said he appeared for the plaintiffs, and was glad to say that the Court would at present be relieved from any discussion upon the rule which his friend Sir Henry James had obtained. It never was the wish or intention of the plaintiffs that upon the order being made by Baron Pollock the defendant should be arrested. It was an entire misapprehension on the part of the defendant. The plaintiffs had no desire to act harshly towards M. Lefèvre, a gentlemen who simply denied his liability to the plaintiffs. The object with which the order was obtained was that M. Lefèvre should answer interrogatories which the plaintiffs believed to be necessary to administer in the action, and Mr. Hawkins was satisfied that he would answer them fairly. Whatever might be the points in dispute in regard to the order—and he would maintain at the proper time that the order had been properly made by the learned Baron—he was ready on the part of the plaintiffs to forego their right to insist upon having the order enforced and the arrest made, as they had no reason to doubt the defendant's *bona fides*. Therefore upon the terms he had agreed upon with his learned friend Sir Henry James, he consented that the Court should enlarge the rule until next Term.

Sir Henry James said he thought it desirable that a misstatement which had appeared in many of the morning papers relative to a remark he was supposed to have made respecting M. Lefèvre's secretary should be set right. He was reported to have said that M. Lefèvre's secretary was a stranger to M. Lefèvre. He had been misunderstood. What he intended to say and believed he did say was that Mr. Arthur Bignold, the gentleman upon whose statement at a club the affidavit of one of the plaintiffs was founded, was a stranger to M. Lefèvre—and such was the fact. It would be absurd to suppose that M. Lefèvre was a stranger to his own secretary.

The Lord Chief Baron said that the rule would be enlarged upon the terms arranged by the learned counsel.

RETIREMENT OF MISS CUSHMAN.—The New York papers contain long accounts of the proceedings on the occasion of Miss Cushman's retirement from the stage. On the evening of the 7th inst., Miss Cushman appeared for the last time at New York in the part of 'Lady Macbeth.' The theatre was crowded, and at the close of the performance Mr. Cullen Bryant presented Miss Cushman with a laurel wreath. She was escorted from the theatre to the Fifth Avenue Hotel by a torchlight procession. The torches were borne, the *New York Herald* says, by men of wealth and eminence. Upwards of 15,000 persons took part in the demonstration.

A THEATRICAL REFORM.—The governmental directors of the leading theatres in Germany have determined to put a stop to the absurd system of recalls, and of throwing bouquets and wreaths on the stage during the progress of an opera, and even of the deepest tragedy. The custom has been copied from the Italian opera-houses, and the practice in Vienna and Berlin has been imitated to such an extravagant extent that the most serious situations are converted into burlesque. Fancy the 'Statue' in *Don Giovanni* being summoned before the curtain, and the 'Ghost' in *Hamlet* obeying a call with "martial stalk." In the London Italian opera-houses, too, the artists have gradually become more and more intrusive at the beck of an organised *claque*. Surely the close of an act might at least be waited for before artists make their obeisance in answer to the "unpremeditated recalls?" —*Athenaeum*.

In an article on "Fairs" in the *Athenaeum*, the writer says:—There was a time when able actors played in the dramatic booths, and they taught others to be as able. Mrs. Pritchard, whom many people thought superior to Mrs. Siddons (she certainly was so in versatility), started from Southwark Fair. Edmund Kean was a member of Richardson's troop. Robson began in the same humble manner, and finished under greater humiliation. Handsome and clever James Wallack (whose real name was Wolfe) first started with those "travelling companies." Finally, there was a little girl in the same sort of company, now retired from the stage, whose name you cannot mention in a greenroom to any couple of stage veterans who have "dropt in," but one of them will say—"Sir, I remember her on stilts at all the old fairs in the kingdom;" and the other will rejoin, "I've chalked her slippers for the tight-rope scores of times when I was young." As long as fashion gave its countenance to fairs, they flourished. Royal princes used to go to Bartlemy Fair, and make a night of it. Some of the most audacious actresses of the day kept stalls, with glittering knick-knacks for gallants to give their belles, and gay retiring rooms for refreshment and repose.

THE DRAMATIC CRITIC.—He is hampered by difficulties of his own creating. To begin with, he takes no pains to conceal his identity. He is a member of theatrical clubs, he seeks the friendship of this or that actor or actors, he buttonholes managers in the lobby, and he is generally hail fellow well met with the whole world of the theatre. It is not so with reviewers of books, and we suppose that few authors know, or even can guess, at the name of the critic who may have occasion to cut up their works in the *Saturday* or the *Athenaeum*. But our dramatic critic is known to everybody, down to the first-night frequenter of the gallery; and his articles are as little anonymous as if he signed his name to them. How can he then, unless he is gifted with an exceptionally stony heart, denounce Brown's new play, or Robinson's rendering of 'Hamlet,' when he may probably sit between them the next evening at the club *table d'hôte*? We do not impeach his honour nor his independence, but it is well nigh impossible for him to hold up his friends to public execration. Then, again, not only the actor's friends, but his friend's friends (of either sex) must be cared for. A critic that escapes the Theatrical Club is liable to come to grief in the Loungers' Club. Not unfrequently, a Lounger's acquaintance, possessed of limited education, but unlimited command of capital, takes upon himself the cares of managing a theatre. Then is our critic pestered and entreated for his good word. If he resists, he must encounter black looks, cold shoulders, and underhand enmity. If he yields, he loses his self-respect, and so, in either case, he is a miserable man. There are many other ways by which a critic, of his own accord, makes it impossible for himself to write impartially. Some are authors as well as critics, and so put themselves under an obligation to the manager who produces their plays. They also have to notice their own productions, and though they may avoid giving praise or censure by a simple explanation of the story, there is something not quite nice about the proceedings; especially as they are bound to praise the performers, good or bad.—*The Westminster Papers*.

Rule *nisi* granted, to be returnable on Saturday.

On Saturday, November 21, Mr. Hawkins, Q.C. (with whom was Mr. H. Tindal Atkinson), appeared to show cause against the rule, and Sir Henry James, Q.C., to support it.

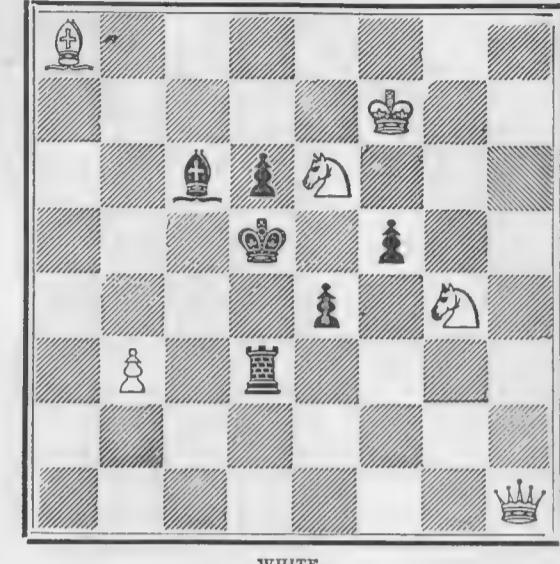
Sir Henry James said he was glad to say that he had come to an arrangement with his learned friend Mr. Hawkins, by which

## Chess.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Contributions of original problems and games will receive our best attention.  
Correct solutions of problems will be duly acknowledged.

PROBLEM NO. 31.  
By Mr. ALBERT WALKER, of Hull.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 30.

WHITE. 1. Q takes Q (A)

2. R takes R, mate.

(A)

1. K takes B

2. Q to R sq, mate.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. H.—There is no mate in two moves if Black play 1. Kt to K B 4.

W. W.—Accept our best thanks for the game you have placed at our disposal.

J. B. A. and W. W.—The solutions sent are correct.

Hallelujah.—There is no mate if Black, instead of taking the Rook, move R to Q B sq.

The following game was recently played in the match now pending between Messrs. Macdonnell and Weisker:—

[IRREGULAR OPENING.]

| WHITE (Mr. W.)     | BLACK (Mr. M.)       | WHITE (Mr. W.)      | BLACK (Mr. M.)     |
|--------------------|----------------------|---------------------|--------------------|
| 1. P to Q 4        | 1. P to K B 4        | 29. K R to K sq     | 29. Q R to K sq    |
| 2. P to Q B 4      | 2. P to K 3          | 30. Q to Q B 3      | 30. Kt to K 4      |
| 3. P to K Kt 3     | 3. Kt to K B 3       | 31. R to K B 4      | 31. Kt to Kt 3     |
| 4. B to Kt 2       | 4. B to Q Kt 5(ch)   | 32. R to K B sq     | 32. R to Kt 5      |
| 5. K to B sq (a)   | 5. B to K 2          | 33. R to R 2        | 33. Kt to K 4      |
| 6. Kt to Q B 3     | 6. Castles           | 34. Kt to Kt 5      | 34. Kt to Kt 3     |
| 7. P to Q 5        | 7. P to K 4          | 35. R to K B 4      | 35. Kt to K 4 (d)  |
| 8. Kt to K B 3     | 8. P to K 5          | 36. Q R to K sq (e) | 36. R takes R      |
| 9. Kt to Q 4       | 9. B to Q B 4        | 37. P takes R       | 37. Kt to Kt 5(ch) |
| 10. P to K 3 (b)   | 10. B takes Kt       | 38. K to R 3        | 38. Q to K B 3     |
| 11. Q takes K      | 11. P to Q 3         | 39. Q to Q 2        | 39. Q to K 2       |
| 12. P to Q Kt 3    | 12. Kt to Q R 3      | 40. Q to Q 4        | 40. Kt to K B 3    |
| 13. B to Q R 3     | 13. P to Q Kt 3      | 41. Kt to K B 3     | 41. Q to K 5       |
| 14. P to K R 4     | 14. Kt to Q B 4      | 42. K to K 2        | 42. P to Q B 3     |
| 15. K to Kt sq     | 15. Kt to Q 6        | 43. Q takes Q       | 43. Kt takes Q     |
| 16. B to K B sq    | 16. Kt to K 4        | 44. R to K sq       | 44. P takes P      |
| 17. B to K 2       | 17. P to K R 4       | 45. P takes P       | 45. R to Q B sq    |
| 18. K to Kt 2      | 18. B to Q 2         | 46. R to Q B sq     | 46. R takes R      |
| 19. B to Q Kt 2    | 19. R to Q B sq      | 47. K takes R       | 47. Kt to Q B 6    |
| 20. Q to Q sq      | 20. Q to K sq        | 48. B to Q R 3      | 48. Kt takes R P   |
| 21. Q to K B sq    | 21. Q to K Kt 3      | 49. B takes Q P     | 49. Kt to B 6      |
| 22. P to K B 4 (c) | 22. Ptkts P(en pass) | 50. Kt to K 5       | 50. B to Q Kt 4    |
| 23. B takes P      | 23. K R to K sq      | 51. B to Q Kt 8     | 51. Kt takes P     |
| 24. Kt to K 2      | 24. Kt takes B       | 52. B takes P       | 52. B to K 7       |
| 25. R takes Kt     | 25. R to K 5         | 53. K to B 2        | 53. B to Q 8       |
| 26. Q to Q 3       | 26. Kt to Kt 5       | 54. P to Q Kt 4     | 54. B to Q R 5     |
| 27. Kt to K B 4    | 27. Q to K B 2       | 55. K to K 2        | 55. K to B sq      |
| 28. Kt to K R 3    | 28. Q to K 2         |                     |                    |

And the game was prolonged for many more moves, and ultimately abandoned as drawn.

NOTES.

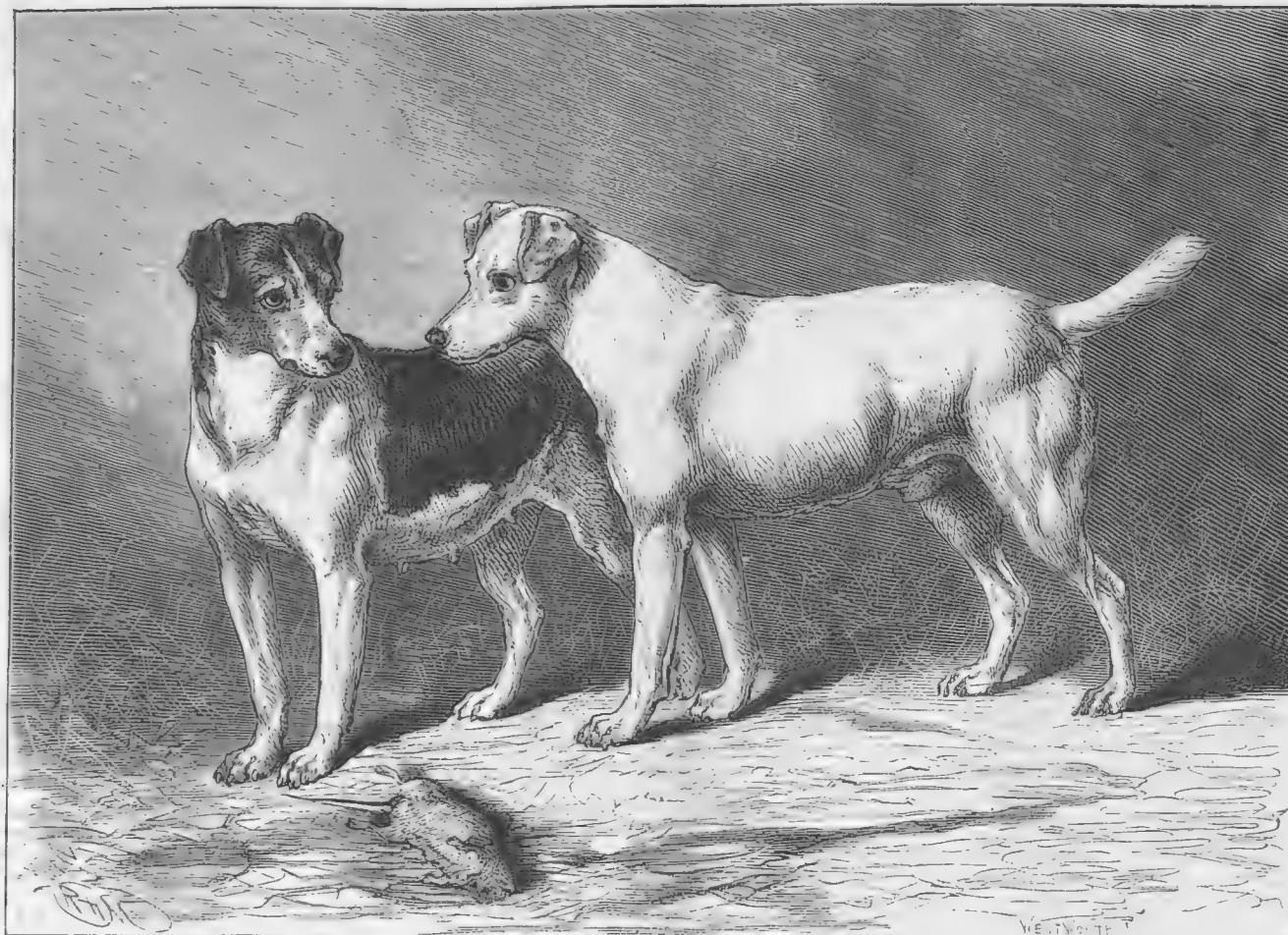
(a) Moving the King was, we think, unnecessary, as he might have covered with Knight without danger. At the same time the move in the text threatens to win the adverse Bishop by P to Q B 5.

(b) He clearly could not take the King's Bishop's Pawn with Knight, on account of Kt to Kt 5.

(c) A somewhat hazardous move.

(d) Had he taken the Rook with Knight, White would have retaken with K P, shutting up the adverse Rook for the rest of the game.

(e) Mr. Weisker is of opinion that he ought to have played P to K 4 at this junct



“SAM” AND “JENNY.”

## “SAM” AND “JENNY.”

A SMALL picture of Sam appeared in *The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News* on the 11th of April last, and we quote the notice that was given of him on that occasion:—“This well-known dog—the Stockwell of stud fox-terriers—who was pupped in the early part of 1867, and is therefore about seven years old, is white, with ears slightly ticked with black. His head is scarcely long enough to be perfect; but his ears, which are rather above the medium size, and very well set on, make it appear rather broader than it really is. He stands on short legs, and is very well ribbed up, with immensely muscular quarters. His weight is as nearly as possible 16 lbs., and he may be well described as a ‘big little’ un, having more power in a small compass than any

terrier we ever saw. When quite a puppy, he broke his left thigh, and has therefore only been shown once, when he appeared at Islington, about five years ago, as Trap II. There can be no doubt, however, that he would never have obtained any honours on the show bench; but his success as a stud dog is unequalled by any fox-terrier of the day. This is probably attributable to his unexceptionable breeding. He is by Tyrant out of Vic; Tyrant by Trap out of Violet; Vic by Jock; Violet by Jock out of White Violet. Thus he possesses one cross of old Trap, and two of old Jock, which is a thorough Stockwell and Touchstone combination. Among his most successful sons and daughters we may mention Myrtle, about the best bitch of the day, who has never suffered defeat; Mr. Gibson’s Venture, winner of a dozen first prizes, and sire of so many good ones; Jocko; Themis, who won so many

prizes for Mr. Murchison; Tickler, one of the best terriers the Marquis of Huntley ever possessed; Sally, Vulcan, Nelly, and Willie. Like all the stock of Tyrant, Sam is thoroughly game, indeed, he is sometimes a little too much inclined for murder, and lost his right eye whilst killing a cat about two years ago. Sam’s early life was somewhat chequered. He was stolen, when quite a young dog, from a Mr. Stamp, of Nottingham, and little trouble was taken to recover him until his son Venture began to win prizes all over the country. Then a stir was made, and the master was satisfactorily arranged, by payment of a comparatively small sum of money. He passed through at least half a dozen hands before getting into Mr. Sale’s possession, from whom Mr. Dixon bought him, together with Tyrant, Jenny, and Myrtle, in 1871, giving £210 for the four. Sam is still in full vigour, and several of the



“TAURUS.”

recent litters got by him are very promising.” Since the above was written, Mr. Gibson’s Spiteful, by Sam out of Frantic, has taken a first at the Crystal Palace, first in the champion class at Northampton, and other prizes, and Remus and Harrison’s Jock, who are both by Sam, have also distinguished themselves. The old dog has had a very successful season, only two out of the numerous bitches put to him not proving in pup.

Jenny is a white bitch, with a great deal of black and hound marking in the body. She is about the same age as her inseparable companion, Sam, and, being one of the few genuine daughters of old Jock that are to be met with, her value as a brood bitch can scarcely be overestimated.

She is out of Mr. Page’s Huz, a well known prize winner in her time, and has herself won one first prize, though it is difficult to imagine who could have been judge on that occasion, as when she was about four months old her then owner, not being satisfied with her ears, proceeded to let them down, and the operation being very badly performed, she was not only disqualified from prize winning, but has never been able to carry her ears correctly. This is especially unfortunate, as her head is particularly long and good, and richly marked with black and tan. Jenny was

shown at Islington about five years ago, with a litter of pups by Sam, of which Myrtle was one. Since then she has almost invariably been put to Sam, and, among others, has thrown Sally and Sam II. to him. Sally was so good that Mr. Gibson was willing to show her against Myrtle, but she unfortunately died before the match came off. She had one litter this year by Bitters; it is supposed; however, that she met with some accident, as none of them lived more than a few days. Her last litter, by Sam, are now about two months old, and promise well. Jenny weighs about 16 lbs., and is one of the gamest of the game. Our engraving is from a painting by Mr. John Emms.

## “TAURUS.”

This grand mastiff, the property of Mr. John Elwell, of Handsworth Wood, Birmingham, is one of the most magnificent specimens of his breed ever exhibited. He is now 3 years and 5 months old, and was bred by Mr. Edgar Hanbury, one of the leading mastiff fanciers of the day. He is by Field’s King out of Phillis; Phillis by Pemberton’s Old Wolf out of Phoebe; Phoebe

by Sukey’s Governor out of Duchess; Duchess by Bill George’s Tiger out of Empress; Empress by Leo out of Countess; Countess by Monarch out of Juno. His measurements are as follows:—Head before ears, 25½ in.; height at shoulder, 31½ in.; length, 46 in.; girth of body, 39 in.; girth of loin, 33 in.; girth of thigh, 13 in.; length of skull, 7½ in.; length of muzzle, 8½ in.; girth of muzzle, 16 in.; width between eyes, 3½ in. It will be seen from this list that he is not especially distinguished for his size; but the idea which seems to possess many mastiff breeders, that immense size is a *sine qua non*, is altogether erroneous, and Taurus can scarcely be beaten for points and symmetry, his only weak point being his feet, which should be a little rounder to come up to the standard of perfection. Taurus, while as game as a tiger, is of a specially noble and docile disposition, and, like many large dogs, is particularly attached to children, who can do anything with him. He has only been shown once—in the open class for dogs at Birmingham last year—when he took first prize, beating twenty-seven others, among whom were such well-known prize-winners as Monarch, Turk, Granby, and Punch. To-day (Saturday) he appears again at Birmingham in the champion class.



POULTRY AND RABBIT SHOW AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

H. BARSEY T. & C.

THE POULTRY, PIGEON, AND RABBIT SHOW  
AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE Great National Poultry Show, as it has been announced, we might say the greatest national show of the kind that has ever been announced, took place on November the 16th and three following days. The nave of the Palace was full of pens, and we suppose that some of the finest specimens of poultry that have ever been exhibited were among the inhabitants thereof. We have given this week an illustration representing a few of the prize winners. No 1281, Mr. W. O. Quibell's Cock Houdan, 18 months old, valued at the exorbitant price of £1000; No. 227, Mr. W. A. Burnell's Cock Cochin, over 2½ years, valued at £200; No. 1754, Mr. H. E. Martin's Game (Duckaring) Cock, 18 months old, valued at £20; No. 2867, Mr. J. Walker's two-year-old Duck, £15 15s.; No. 2023, Mr. R. Fulton's White Pouter Hen Pigeon, value £50; No. 8310, Mr. F. Graham's Blue Dragon, £15; No. 4203, Mr. J. Irving's two-year-old Tortoise-shell Lop Eared Rabbit, value £50; and No. 4258, Mr. C. G. Mason's Himalayan Doe, aged 5½ years, value 10 guineas. The entries, running into 4378 numbers, were, as may be seen, exceptionally numerous, and the show may be pronounced to have been the most successful ever held at Sydenham.

## BY THE BYE,

there is to be a new theatre opened in Madrid, where one might suppose the great tragedy of civil war now being enacted would suffice to attract the attention of Spaniards from all other dramas. And yet we remember well enough reading how, in the midst of the smoking ruins of Moscow, but a few hours before a magnificent city of immense extent, Napoleon ordered some plays to be got up for the amusement of his army. It is true that accident had as much to do with the fact as design; but, however, as we have drifted into this by-way, we may as well give the entire story, for it is not a long one, and may prove interesting.

At the time of Napoleon's invasion of Russia, there existed at Moscow a company of French actors, under the direction of one Madame Bursay, and when the defeated Russians deserted their capital, these poor French players were ruthlessly plundered and abandoned. Madame Bursay, however, being a woman of great courage and foresight, contrived to preserve something—for her company and herself we were going to add, but it was not so, for when the French soldiers came, they gave themselves very little concern about the nationality of the unfortunate inhabitants they plundered, and what Napoleon's ruffians spared, the fire destroyed, as it did also the wounded Russians whom their countrymen had also abandoned. We all know what noble fellows warriors are. Napoleon hearing of the miserable condition these unfortunate French men and women were in, commanded that they should receive assistance, and, moreover, that, as we have already said, if possible, some plays should be got up. The rest of the story we shall tell in the words of one who was an eye-witness and Prefect of the imperial palace. "I began," says he, "without loss of time to procure them dresses and a place to act in. The military authorities had collected in the mosque of Ivan all that had been saved from the flames; and thanks to the politeness of Count Dumas, intendant-general of the army, I found in the mosque dresses of all kinds. The French actors took from thence dresses and coats made of velvet, which they cut to the proper size, and ornamented with large borders of gold lace, of which there was a great abundance in the magazines. They were really very splendidly attired; but such was their distress that some of the actresses under their fine dresses had hardly the necessary linen; at least so Madame Bursay informed me. I discovered a pretty little theatre in the Hotel Posniakoff, not in the least injured by the flames. This private theatre, which was a little smaller than that of Madame at Paris, was beautifully decorated and perfectly fitted.

"The theatre opened with *Les Jeux de l'Amour et du Hazard*, followed by *L'amant Autre et Valet*. The opening was splendid; there was no cabal either in the theatre, which was filled with war-worn heroes, or on the stage, where there existed no rivalry of interests or self-love. The pit was filled with soldiers, and the two tiers of boxes by their officers. The orchestra was excellent, and consisted of the military bands. The only expense was a trifling sum given at the doors, which was divided amongst the actors, after deducting the cost of lighting."

The performances were repeated eleven times, and amongst the actors was a first-class comedian named Adnet, some excellent dancers who were very clever in their exhibition of the Russian ballet, a famous singer named Tarquinio, and M. Martina, a celebrated accompanist, and son of Vincent Martina, the composer of *La Cosa Rari, L'Arbores di Diana*, &c. Napoleon did not himself visit the theatre, but some concerts were got up for his special amusement. A strange scene was that to take place in the midst of mangled half burnt dead soldiers, and the miles of smoking houses which were just before the happy homes of thriving men, women, and children. On the 19th of October the French army quitted Moscow for that terrible march the horrors of which we have so often shuddered to read of, and even now hardly dare to think of. The Prefect, whose account we have quoted, tells us that, when Napoleon thought of passing the winter in Moscow, he was told by that mighty, burnt-out conqueror to "make a list of the actors at the French Theatre whom he thought would be able to come to Moscow without putting the company at Paris to inconvenience;" but he does not deign to tell us how it fared with the poor women whom the chivalrous and tender mercies of French and Russian soldiers had left so short of underlinen. Were they amongst those who disputed with the ravens for the bleeding remains of dead horses? did they sink, starving, and nearly dead with cold, to fall into the hands of those savage and merciless Cossacks whose very name was a sound to terrify old soldiers, and who hovered about the rear of that dreadfully confused and struggling mass of men so hurriedly and desperately retreating, destitute of provisions, and suffering from a cold the intensity of which converted the iron of every gun they bore into something capable of removing flesh from the hand which touched it?

Writing of unfortunate French actors, by the bye, is it not shameful that the veteran dramatist and caricaturist, Henri Monnier, who set all Paris talking and laughing over his comic sketches as long ago as in 1820, and whose creations, 'Joseph Prudhomme,' 'Jean Hiroux,' 'Madame Gibon,' and 'Madame Pichot,' brought all Paris to the theatre more recently, should be left in poverty and want to struggle with insurmountable difficulties at the age of seventy-five? The late imperial government granted him a pension of 18,000 francs, but the republicans refused to continue it, and so the poor old man is now battling with that fierce wolf whom the youngest and most energetic have often failed to keep from their doors. We have endeavoured to trace out the names of these unfortunate players in theatrical records, both Russian and French, at a date following that of the retreat and for some years after, but quite in vain, so that our worst fears as to their ultimate and horrible fate may have been most unfortunately realised.

BY THE BYE, again, Monnier could probably remember hearing something about the fate of those unfortunate actors at Moscow, since he was in Paris when the survivors returned, when all France

was astir with the horror of that long retreat, and the horrors of scourging and driving in the new levies to form fresh armies, in which even the halt and lame would march to meet the Russians, who, aided by the Prussians, were in their turn becoming invaders. But these were sad times, suggestive of very sad thoughts; and we draw our chair closer to the fire on this wintry night as we think of those poor actresses, and, looking into the burning coals, conjure up the tragic scenes in which they were victims. Let us turn to another subject, for what have we to do in these columns with wars and rumours of wars? Truly, little enough. We have drifted into such matters by another of our accidental by-ways, for although Seneca, amongst other wise things, said trusting to blind chance was a kind of foolish rashness, yet chance has as much to do with our choice of subjects in these rambling papers as it has to do with mortal affairs generally—for aught we can see to the contrary.



somewhat curious error into which a provincial contemporary has been betrayed. In 1837 Messrs. Longman and Co. published a little work called "Epsom Races; a Poem, Comic, Punning, and Racy, by Thomas Hood the Younger," which this contemporary in question refers to as the first work published by the late lamented editor of *Fun*, forgetting that Mr. Tom Hood was then indeed the younger, being a little three-year-old child in the nursery at Lake House, Wanstead, the

"merry laughing sprite  
With spirits feather light."

whom his father just about that time addressed in the famous "Parental Ode." The self-dubbed "Thomas Hood the Younger" was a Mr. Charles Clarke, of Great Totham, Essex, and he was truly great and wonderful in his impudence. Not only did he take another's name and imitate him as closely as he could—another case of rowing in the same boat, but not with the same scull—but he stole his subject and his puns, spoiling the latter most villainously by way of disguising them. In 1830, it appears, Tom Hood wrote as follows in the *Literary Gazette* (July 17):—"Many persons having expressed a desire that 'The Epping Hunt' should have a companion, the author expressed his readiness to comply with the wish as soon as he could provide himself with a suitable subject. In consequence, numerous hints, recommendations, and applications have been forwarded to him from all quarters—the proprietors of several wakes and revels preferring very urgent requests in behalf of their own sports. Above all, the inhabitants of Epsom made such a grand stand for the Epsom races that he was induced to take his course to theirs. The result has been satisfactory. Instructed by the gentleman of the betting ring how to 'make up a book,' he is preparing a little volume to be called 'Epsom Races,' illustrative of the yearly festival on those celebrated downs. It will be accompanied as usual by various appropriate designs, or, to speak in Turf language, with several 'plates for all ages.' Due notice of the time of starting will be given by public advertisement; and to avoid anything *oxalic*, be sure to ask for Hood's Epsom." This playful and amusing announcement will show where Mr. Clarke's idea

came from; and the following extract will be quite enough also to show the spirit in which it was carried out:—

"How strange it seems that I by these few rhymes on Epsom's  
Famed races should—  
Though no freebooter—prove most plain that I  
Am robbing Hood.  
As Bacon says, 'you know or don't know' where  
Dwells Hood—old Thomas;  
You'd see 'tis at Lake House—which sure is in  
The land of promise.  
Yet as I Epsom as my subject have  
Thought fit to choose—  
Though it proved boofless—know I'm stepping in  
My father's shoes."



Although Mr. Clarke, strange to say, received numerous highly favourable press notices in some of the best publications of that day, it does not appear that our good-natured Jupiter of the punster-gods ever uttered a complaint in public or laid claim to the "thunder" which Clarke thus awkwardly wielded.

Is it generally known, by the bye, that this old saying of the thunder is one which we owe to John Dennis? who was a famous, but very eccentric, dramatic critic of the last century, and of whom somebody smartly said, "Dennis was the fittest man in the world to instruct a dramatic writer, for he laid down excellent rules for writing good plays, and showed what were bad by his own." Having in a refused tragedy introduced thunder on a novel principle, Dennis always exclaimed whenever this Jupiter Tonans was made use of in any other new play with effect, "That's my thunder."

This mention of a rejected play reminds us of a story told of the tragedian Quin, which you may not have heard. A poor poet had placed a tragedy in Quin's hand one night behind the scenes, whilst he was still dressed for the character he had performed, and placing it in his pocket the actor left it there, changed his clothes, went home, and forgot it. The anxious bard waited a tediously long time for Quin's reply, and at length called on him at the theatre, tremulously asking the doom of his unlucky tragedy. Quin at once explained why it was unsuitable in a stock speech kept for such occasions, and the author in a melancholy voice begged that the manuscript might be returned.

"There it is, Sir," said Quin, "in the window."  
"This, Sir," said the poet, taking up the MS. indicated by Quin's forefinger, "this is a comedy, and mine was a tragedy."  
"Well," said the actor, coolly, "if that be not your play, faith, Sir, I have lost it."  
"Lost it!" exclaimed the poor man in a voice of horror.  
"Lost my tragedy!" he gasped.  
"Yes, by —, I have," said Quin, still perfectly unmoved; "but look ye, however, here is a drawer full of comedies and tragedies ;

*take any two you please in  
the place of your own*



Alas, for the poets of those old times!

Quin's coolness and readiness of reply suggests another story told by George Colman of that "prince of pink heels," the actor Dodd, whom Charles Lamb so well describes in his famous essay, "On Some of the Old Actors." Dodd was the Dundreary of his day, and Mrs. C. Mathews describes him as a dignified, rotund little person, with short legs always elegantly covered with silk stockings, and his feet "with Spanish shoes secured by costly buckles." He wore his hair *bien poudré*, the queue of which was folded curiously into a sort of knocker which fell below the collar of a coat usually of scarlet. The story was originally told by George Colman, in whose words we tell it, although it has often been repeated, not, however, we think, very recently. Dodd "sojourned in lodgings near the theatre with a *chère amie* belonging to the company. This, perhaps, he might have found to be a snug arrangement in the summer months if the tranquillity of the *tête-à-tête* had not been daily disturbed by discussing frivolous points, upon which the fond pair very

furious differed; insomuch that the gentleman was wont to enforce his arguments more by missiles than by metaphors; in short he threw chairs, tables, and chimney-piece crockery all about the room. In the heat of one of those domestic fracas, which happened upon a shoulder of mutton, while Dodd clattered, and the *chère amie* screamed, the landlord rushed upon the scene of action in hopes, if he could not prevent a further breach of the peace, to hinder their breaking more of his property.

"How dare you, mister," ejaculated Dodd, who was brandishing the shoulder of mutton in his hand, "obtrude into our apartment while we are rehearsing?"

"Rehearsing!" cried the enraged landlord, while the broken bits of sham china were crunching under his feet, "I could have sworn you were fighting."

"No, Sir," said Dodd, "we were rehearsing the supper scene in *Katherina and Petrucio*; or, *The Taming of the Shrew*."

"Why, it does look," observed the landlord, giving a glance

round the room, 'as if you had been trying to tame a shrew sure enough.'

"Don't you know, fellow," asked Dodd, sternly, "that we are advertised to act the parts this very night?"

"Not I, truly," returned the host.

"Then go downstairs, Sir," cried the comedian, "and read the bill of the play; and read it every morning, Sir, to prevent your repeating this impertinence!"

"History," adds Colman, "records not whether the landlord read the playhouse bill; but it seems that he did not forget his own."

Charles Lamb says, you may remember, "Taking my afternoon solace on a summer day upon the aforesaid terrace, a comely, sad personage came towards me, whom, from his grave air and deportment, I judged to be one of the old Benchers of the Inn. He had a serious, thoughtful forehead, and seemed to be in meditations of mortality. . . . the face turning full upon me, strangely identified itself with that of Dodd. Upon close inspection, I was not mistaken. But could this sad, thoughtful countenance, be the same vacant face of folly which I had never seen without a smile, or recognised but as the usher of mirth; that looked out so formally flat in 'Foppington'; so impetuously busy in 'Backbiting'; so blankly divested of all meaning, or resolutely expressive of none in 'Acres,' in 'Fribble,' and a thousand agreeable impertinences?" and he sadly adds, "the remembrance of the freedoms I had taken with it came upon me with a reproach of insult; I could have asked its pardon. I thought it looked upon me with a sense of injury."

Dodd was, indeed, a man of thought—a student of literature, and, if the anecdotes recorded of him are authentic, somewhat of a wit. At his death he left a choice collection of old English literature. And so *exit* Dodd with A. H. DOUBLEYEW.

### Billiards.

SCARCELY is Taylor's tournament concluded than Stanley appears in the field with an advertisement of a "Monstre Handicap" (why this eccentric spelling?) which is to be played at the Crown Hotel, Rupert Street, Haymarket, on Monday, December 7, and the five following evenings. The heats will be 500 up, and the final the best of three games as usual. The following is the handicap, which was framed by a representative of *Bell's Life*:

|                     |                    |                   |                     |
|---------------------|--------------------|-------------------|---------------------|
| Joseph Bennett..... | owes 50 points     | John Bennett..... | receives 140 points |
| S. W. Stanley ..... | scratch            | G. Hunt .....     | 175 ,,              |
| T. Taylor .....     |                    | R. Wilson .....   | 190 ,,              |
| F. Bennett .....    | receives 50 points | J. Hart .....     | 200 ,,              |
| H. Evans .....      | 80 ,,              | W. Dufton .....   | 220 ,,              |
| G. Collins .....    | 100 ,,             | C. Goodwin .....  | 225 ,,              |
| F. Shorter .....    | 125 ,,             | H. Stenning ..... | 230 ,,              |
| D. Richards.....    | 140 ,,             | J. Stammers ..... | 250 ,,              |

Of the three heavy-weights, Joseph Bennett is by no means out of it, the only thing against him being that he has so seldom appeared in public of late, and no amount of private practice is so good as playing a few games before an "audience." Taylor and Stanley, on the other hand, have been recently playing two or three exhibition matches a week, and though the results of these games have been tolerably equal, we consider that the former is decidedly the better of the pair. F. Bennett is held safe by any of the trio who give him points; and Evans has not sufficient mastery of the spot stroke to possess a chance. Collins, good as his private form is said to be, invariably performs so badly in public that we cannot stand him at any price. No one has a higher opinion of Shorter as a rising young player than we have; but the handicapper has certainly treated him very mercilessly, and put him quite out of court. Taylor has met him twice previously, giving him 175 in 500, and 350 in 1000, and beaten him easily on each occasion, yet now, for some unaccountable reason, he is only asked to concede him 125 in 500. Richards is a good, dashing player, though scarcely careful enough to win a handicap; but were John Bennett to play in his best form, he would be very dangerous. We think Stenning is best in of the remaining seven players, and though we are glad to see that Dufton and Stammers have received far more points than in any previous handicap, we fear the veterans must give way to the younger men. From these brief notes it will be seen that we consider Joseph Bennett, Taylor, John Bennett, and Stenning, have the best of the weights, and of these four we shall once more stand Taylor to win outright.

The match between John Roberts, jun., and Timbrell, the latter receiving a start of 300 in 1000, has now been fixed for December 23, and will take place at the Waste Dealers' Exchange, Manchester. They played an exhibition match at Liverpool last week, when the ex-champion gave a start of 200 in 750, and though Timbrell made a fine break of 132, which included 30 consecutive spot hazards, he was beaten by 179 points.

John Roberts, sen., and W. Moss are matched to play 1000 up even for £50 (open for £100 a side). The match will come off at Manchester some time next month, but the exact date has not yet been fixed.

### Athletic Sports.

IN the autumn of 1865, the West London Rowing Club gave very handsome prizes for an Open Quarter Mile Handicap, which proved a complete success, an entry of between 60 and 70 being obtained, and about 54 coming to the post. The number of amateur runners has certainly increased tenfold since that day; yet on Saturday last, when the same club gave prizes of equal value for a race over a similar distance, only 27 names appeared on the card. This has been attributed to the meeting coming off so late in the season, yet only a fortnight previously, a Quarter Mile Handicap at the London Athletic Club Winter Meeting closed with an entry of about 50, though the prizes in that case were far less valuable. There is no blinking the fact that the real reason of the failure was through mismanagement of the meeting from start to finish. It was so badly advertised, that at last no one knew whether it was to take place at all, or had been abandoned; there was not a single running man on the committee, and it was impossible to find out the name of the handicapper or handicappers. A cold cheerless afternoon, with a thick fog, which prevented one seeing above 50 yards from the tape, completely spoilt the "gate," scarcely 200 people being present, and we much fear that the club funds will have to supply a considerable deficit. We can give little account of the running. From our position near the tape the starters were perfectly invisible. Presently one heard the muffled crack of a pistol, then the figures of the starter, and others who had gone down to the post with the men came into view, as they run across the ground to the finish, and a few seconds later the competitors emerged from the fog, and we had the excitement of seeing about forty yards of the final struggle. Under such circumstances it is useless to criticise the running, for men half choked with fog, and running almost blindfold, cannot be expected to show their true form. It was apparent, however, that, if he could stay, C. A. W. Gilbert (32 yards' start) had the Quarter at his mercy, and he won both his heat and the final in the commonest of canters. A. Powles (8) did not show the same

form that brought him home an easy winner at the L. A. C. Meeting a fortnight previously, but we believe that he was amiss; J. Shearman (20) has not recovered the effects of his two heavy falls in the spring; and E. T. Sachs (20), said to have run the full distance at Tufnell Park in 51 secs., a statement that was actually swallowed by several people who ought to have known better, showed that, at present, 54 secs. is quite as much as he can manage. The prizes were presented by John Tyler, the captain of the club. That gentleman speaks unusually well, and he knows it; but the afternoon was not adapted for standing about to listen even to the most "silvery tongue," and the speech might have been considerably curtailed with great advantage. We understand that the members of the club will hold another meeting early next season, when we trust that amateurs will support them as they deserve.

The college meetings at the two Universities are now nearly over, and the performances, as a rule, have scarcely come up to the usual standard of excellence.

### Bicycling.

ON Monday last the Amateur Bicycle Club presented a gold medal for a ten-mile race, which took place at Lillie Bridge. Of the six original entries only three came to the post, viz., J. Keen, of Surbiton, D. Stanton, of Hornsey, and C. Hicks, of Chelsea; indeed, at one time it appeared as if the affair would result in a match between Keen and Hicks, for Stanton was suffering from a heavy cold, and only started by special request in order to make a race. It proved fortunate that he did so, for Hicks, who rode a rickety 50-in. machine, was of no use, except as the low comedian of the piece. He was lapped on an average about once in four rounds, when, after frantic efforts for a short distance he would relapse again to his normal pace of about seven miles an hour. The path was in magnificent order, the frost having rendered it very hard and elastic. Stanton rode a 58-inch machine, the same on which he defeated Keen in the long distance match, and the latter was mounted on one of his own manufacture, which measured 2 in. less in diameter. Stanton obtained the best push-off, and held the lead until just before completing the second mile, when Keen went to the front. Stanton, however, passed the judge first at the end of the third mile, the two were abreast at the finish of the fourth, but then the Hornsey man, with a grand spurt, drew away some 50 or 60 yards. In the sixth mile Keen gradually closed up the gap between them, and for the next three miles the struggle was very fine, first one and then the other taking a slight lead. A little more than a mile from home, however, Keen went right away, and won by about 200 yards, in 36 min. 32 sec. We have reason to know that Keen's trial was considerably faster than this, and, though Stanton was by no means so fit as his opponent, we do not think that he will ever beat the Surbiton man, who rides in most beautiful form, over a short distance. We subjoin the times of both men for each mile:—

| Miles. | Keen. | Stanton. |
|--------|-------|----------|
| 1      | 3 45  | 3 44     |
| 2      | 7 21  | 7 22     |
| 3      | 10 59 | 10 57    |
| 4      | 14 35 | 14 35    |
| 5      | 18 26 | 18 19    |
| 6      | 22 7  | 23 5     |
| 7      | 25 49 | 25 50    |
| 8      | 29 31 | 29 30    |
| 9      | 33 9  | 34 10    |
| 10     | 36 32 | 36 47    |

Mr. J. Vandy, of *Bell's Life*, was referee and timekeeper.

On the following day Stanton appeared at the Queen of England Grounds, Hammersmith, to ride two miles, while Mr. Finch's cob, Flying Comet, trotted the same distance. The latter, however, was suffering from influenza, and, with the consent of Stanton, Mr. Finch substituted his mare Black Bess. The arrangements were exceedingly bad, as the distance had not been measured, and owing to the delay thus caused, the start did not take place until it was so dark and foggy that little could be seen of the race. We must, therefore, content ourselves with stating that the mare drew away at every stride, and won as she liked in 6 min. 38 $\frac{1}{2}$  sec., Stanton's time being 7 min. 7 sec.

On Monday next Keen and Stanton will ride a 50-mile race at the Molyneux Grounds, Wolverhampton, for a stake of £25 a side.

### SALE OF HORSES BY MESSRS. TATTERSALL AT ALBERT GATE, ON MONDAY, NOVEMBER 23.

| THE PROPERTY OF MR. MERRY.  | Gs.                   |
|---|-----------------------|
| PETO, br h, 5 yrs, by Adventurer out of Pet .....   | Mr. Potter 200        |
| Mozart, b h, 5 yrs, by Scottish Chief or Costa out of Morgan la Faye .....                        | Mr. Stevens 150       |
| THE MONK, ch c, 3 yrs, by Blinkhoolie out of Elsie Venner .....                                   | Mr. Gil 260           |
| LADY BOTHWELL, ch f, 3 yrs, by Scottish Chief out of Lady Morgan .....                            | Sir R. Sutton 240     |
| B f, 3 yrs, by Scottish Chief out of Mayflower .....  | Mr. Wilson 50         |
| B yearling c by Macaroni out of Chieftain's Daughter .....  | Mr. Haywood 21        |
| BY ORDER OF THE EXECUTORS OF THE LATE MR. R. DREWITT.   |                       |
| EMOTION (foaled 1859), by Alarm out of Dinah; covered by Orest .....                              | Lord Portsmouth 50    |
| ANNETTE (bred in America, 1859), by Scythian out of Alice Carnel; covered by Scottish Chief ..... | Sir T. B. Lennard 110 |
| SEAFORD, by Clare de Lune out of Ernestine; covered by Broomielaw .....                           | Mr. Simmonds 11       |
| SENSIBILITY, 5 yrs, by Atherton out of Emotion .....  | Mr. Burton 45         |
| DOTTED, 3 yrs, by Sydmonton out of Penclope, by Alarm; Mr. Burton 43                              |                       |
| WINSLOW, b h, 5 yrs, by Lord Clifden out of Creslow .....   | Bought in 1930        |
| BY ORDER OF THE EXECUTORS OF THE LATE MR. R. DREWITT.   |                       |
| B yearling c by Hurstbourne out of Rance, by John o' Gaunt .....                                  | Mr. Deacon 25         |
| ALLERTONIAN, gr h, by Y. Dutchman out of Alice Grey, by Scandal .....                             | Mr. Woodlands 30      |
| Br entire h by Ely, dam by St. Lawrence, her dam by Brutandorf .....                              | 29                    |

SALISBURY, 1875.—Salisbury races will take place on Thursday and Friday following Bath, viz., May 20 and 21.

DONCASTER HUNT MEETING.—This meeting was recently announced for February 23 and 24, but there being several fixtures for those days, the committee have decided to hold the Doncaster Hunt Meeting on February 11 and 12, being the two days following Birmingham.

SPORTING ITEMS FROM AUSTRALIA.—The Melbourne correspondent of the *Standard*, writing under date October 8, says:—"Sporting men are looking forward to the Melbourne Cup, next month, with the usual feverish anxiety. Goldsborough is the favourite, and has been for some time, his price varying from 5 to 1 to 3 to 1.—The Sydney Polo Club has challenged the Warrnambool Club to play during the race week, and the challenge has been accepted.—The intercolonial boat-race between Sydney and Melbourne was won the other day on the Paramatta River by the Sydney men with the greatest ease. The Melbournites consoled themselves by attributing the result to the fact that one of their crew caught scarlet-fever at Sydney, from which he managed to recover in time to pull, but was, they considered, unfit. Certainly scarlet-fever does not seem a good thing to train on.—The annual chess match between the colonies is shortly to come off. Melbourne has hitherto been the victor in these mental tourneys, but her antagonists in Sydney are getting stronger year by year, and are bent on getting the upper hand.

### AMERICAN DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL NOTES.

(From the *Arcadian*.)

Clancarty is being played to good houses in Toronto.

Mr. Clarke would rather cut the Fifth Avenue Theatre than his moustache.

Mr. Wybert Reeve is playing 'Count Fosco' in the *Woman in White* at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams are drawing crowded houses in Boston.

Miss Neilson has made a failure in Philadelphia, the press of which city fully confirm the opinion we have formed of her and of Mr. J. H. Barnes.

Lectures are proving a failure this season, even the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher is not sufficient attraction to fill a house.

A contemporary states that the losses on the first week of Miss Adelaide Neilson's engagement at the Lyceum amounted to "sixty thousand four hundred and odd dollars." We are aware that the persons interested in the speculation have lost money, and we think we could swallow the sixty thousand dollars, but the four hundred and odd prove too much for us.

Madame Arabella Goddard, who was wrecked in the steamer *Flintshire*, has recovered all her property with the exception of a purse containing £100. She will return to Australia, and give a series of concerts in that country, after which she will proceed via New Zealand to California, giving concerts en route at several of the Pacific Islands. Madame Goddard proposes afterwards to undertake a tour in the United States.

Mr. John Brougham respectfully intimates that henceforward it will be necessary to obtain his written permission before any of his dramatic works can be represented. The reason for this pronunciamento is that many of his plays have frequently been performed without the slightest consideration, pecuniary or otherwise, being bestowed upon their sole author and owner; and, moreover, he wants it to be distinctly understood that he is on the war-path himself with a sharp knife, relentlessly determined to scalp all infringers.

Mr. Dion Boucicault's play, *The Shaughraun*, is a drama of strong situations. The author assumes the principal part. The subject of the piece is concerned with the adventures of a young Irish gentleman, who, having been involved in some Fenian troubles, is tried, convicted, and transported. He escapes from Australia, and revisits Ireland in disguise. Here he is recognised by a humble follower—Conn, the Shaughraun. The adventures of the two while evading the authorities constitute the plot of the piece. Mr. H. J. Montague, Mr. Polk, Miss Ada Dyas, Miss Jeffreys-Lewis, and Mr. H. Beckett have all prominent characters. One of the most striking scenes in the play is a wake, as carried on by the peasantry in the West of Ireland.

(From the *Spirit of the Times*.)

A typographical error in our last issue made us put the loss on Miss Neilson's first week at the Lyceum at *sixty* thousand instead of *six* thousand dollars. This made it appear as if we were anticipating the future losses,

Henri Stuart, an Anglo-French actor of repute, has arrived in New York. He is engaged to play a leading part in Paul Féval's new romantic play, which is in preparation at Booth's. It is an adaptation from the French by George Fawcett Rowe.

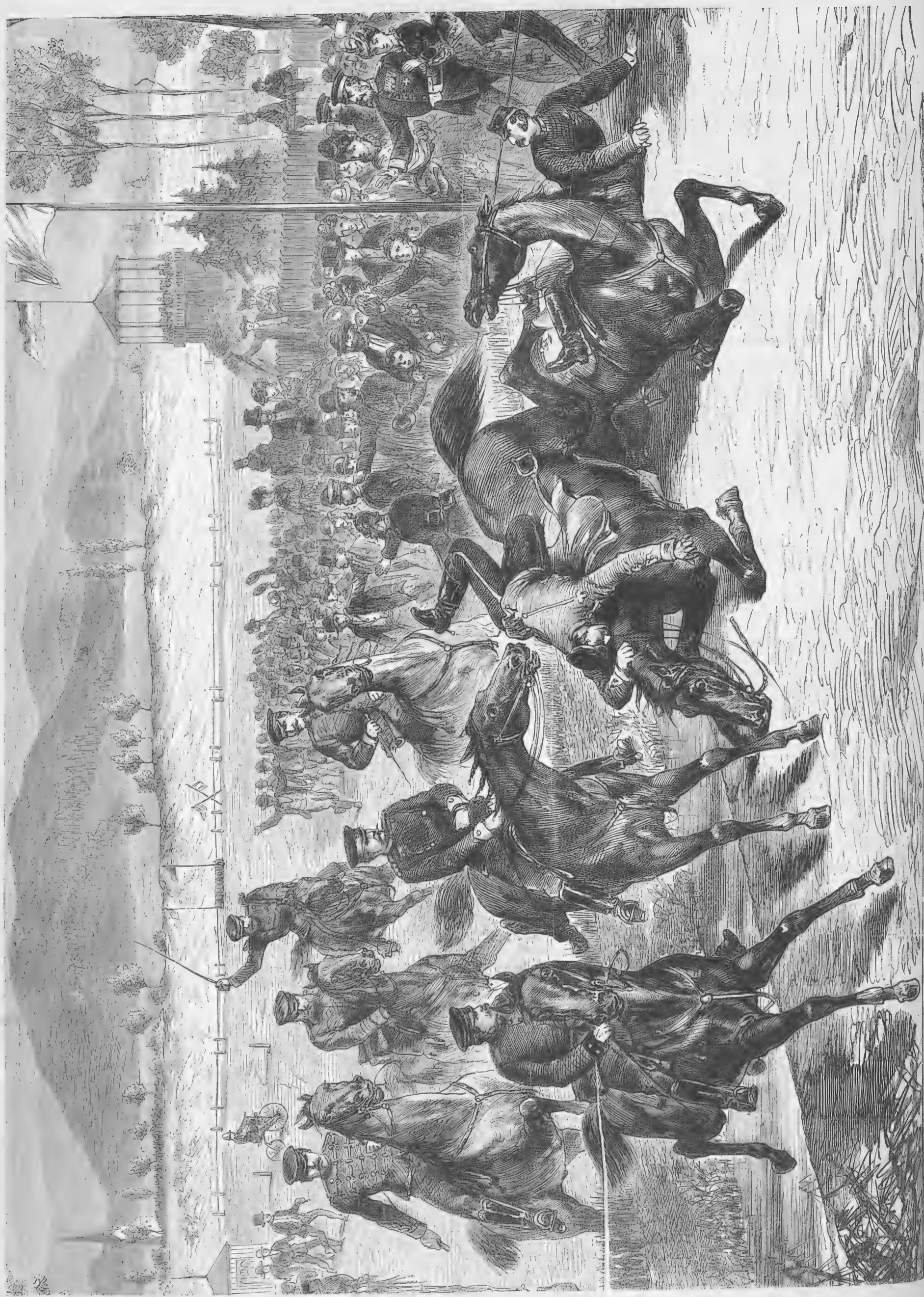
Mr. John Brougham's play, entitled *The Lily of France*, which was unanimously lauded by the critics on its production at Booth's Theatre last season, but failed to create much effect through the inefficiency of the leading lady, has been carefully revised by its author, and will be produced in splendid style at Niblo's at an early date, with Miss Annie Deland as 'Joan of Arc,' and an otherwise strong cast.

Miss Effie E. Ellsler, the talented daughter of Manager Ellsler of Cleveland, Ohio, has been meeting with great favour as 'Juliet,' in a number of the principal cities of the Buckeye State. This young lady, under the advice of her father, is confining her studies entirely to legitimate characters. This is well. "The legitimate" is asserting itself in the most pronounced manner all over the country, and we hope that ere long the wishy-washy translations from the French will be among the forgotten things of our stage.

When Miss Charlotte Cushman announced from the stage last Saturday evening that she would reappear at the reading desk, Mr. Henry Palmer is reported as having fainted in the arms of the trusty Tooker, so great was his surprise. Several gentlemen prominent in theatrical circles are already drafting a petition, which is to be signed by Mr. Peter Cooper and all of the venerable and reputable gentlemen of the city, requesting Miss Cushman to reappear at an early date for a series of Simon-pure farewells. We are not authorised to say that Miss Cushman will decline.

Fredericus Maccabeus—or, as translated into English vernacular, Frederic Maccabe—has, as we anticipated, attracted increasingly large and appreciative audiences at Steinway Hall during the past five weeks. Such excellence as actor, musician, ventriloquist, and vocalist, embodied in one man, had never previously been witnessed in this hemisphere. The rapidity of his changes of costume, his entire change of personnel, and the ability with which he graphically portrays each succeeding character, are simply marvellous—so much so, that the general public conscientiously believe that he is assisted by a series of "doubles," in place of its being the artistic results of one man's power.

GRAND FLANEUR has been added to the list of geldings.



THE WATER JUMP AT BADEN-BADEN.



HEAD OF THE M'CARTE LION.

## THE M'CARTE LION.

We this week give an illustration of the head of the silver man or African lion which killed M'Carte, the celebrated lion tamer at Mander's Managerie, in the year 1872, and which on its death, which occurred last January, was stuffed by Messrs. Ward and Co., the eminent taxidermists, of 158, Piccadilly, where it may now be seen.

The M'Carte lion, as it has been called, is certainly one of the most remarkable specimens of the art of preserving animals that it has ever been our good fortune to examine. It has been treated from a wholly unconventional point of view, as "A Wounded Lion." A bullet is supposed to have struck the beast behind the shoulder, and sinking on his haunches, he is roaring impotently at his foe with mingled rage and pain.

We need not go into the *modus operandi* of the interior setting-up, beyond stating that the animal to be so treated is first skinned, and then the exterior muscles are separately worked into relief, according to the action to be represented. This will show how much study and knowledge of anatomy are required. A cast is then made, that is modelled again, and so on, until finally a hollow, light and practically indestructible *objet d'art* is produced, entirely removed from the common category of conventional preserving.

No bones have been used except the teeth, the skeleton itself having been bleached and put together separately. The eye is specially worthy of remark; unlike the ordinary glass eye hitherto in use in taxidermy, it seems instinct with life, and stamps Messrs. Ward and Co.'s production as one of the highest merit, which all lovers of natural history would do well to take an early opportunity of visiting.

## FRENCH AND ENGLISH RACING.

The following correspondence has been published in the *Times*:

*To the Editor of THE TIMES.*

Sir,—As our racing community is interested on the subject of reciprocity between France and England, I beg you will do me the favour of publishing the following correspondence. You will observe by Viscount Daru's letter that serious obstacles exist, but I am satisfied that nothing will be neglected on the part of the French Jockey Club to satisfy our apparently just requests.

I rely with confidence on the good feelings which animate that tribunal, and I take this opportunity of expressing my regret that a motion is registered proposing to confine certain races to foreign horses which have been trained in England. This motion will never be carried; it is my great obstacle, for nothing is so injurious to a friendly negotiation as anything in the shape of a threat, especially to a Frenchman.

Knowing the feelings of the English Jockey Club, I boldly

assert that nothing will alter our present policy. We like the pleasure of competing with French horses, which can well hold their own; and if we lost the society of our French brother-sportsmen, it would be a calamity.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

H. Rous, Admiral.

*From Admiral Rous to Viscount Daru.*

"13, Berkeley Square, Nov. 11.  
"My dear Viscount,—With the approval of my colleagues, Lord Falmouth and Mr. Chaplin, I write to you on a delicate subject.

"Anxious to consolidate the friendship and esteem which so happily exist between French and English sportsmen, I beg to suggest to the stewards of the French Jockey Club a reciprocity which must harmonise our future relations. As you are in possession of our best Eastern blood, you are victorious everywhere; you are heartily welcomed here throughout the whole country, and free to run for every prize and sweepstakes, even for the Royal Plates voted by Parliament expressly for the encouragement of native horses. I therefore submit to your national sense of justice whether English horses ought not to be entitled to similar rights in France.

"Our motto is, 'Let the best man win'; our policy, to be on the most friendly terms with our good neighbours.

"Be pleased to consult the French Jockey Club on this important subject, and to believe me,

"Very faithfully yours,

H. S. Rous."

"Paris, le 18 novembre 1874.  
"Mon cher Amiral,—Le sujet de votre lettre est en effet délicat, et je voudrais vous démontrer que la question n'est pas aussi simple qu'elle le paraît au premier abord, et en outre que nous n'avons pas le pouvoir de la résoudre.

"Mais, d'abord, vous pouvez être convaincu que nous sommes désireux de maintenir et de resserrer les liens qui nous unissent au grand avantage de toutes les personnes qui s'occupent de courses dans les deux pays. Rien ne pourrait nous être plus pénible que de voir ébranlé cette bonne et utile harmonie, je puis vous en donner l'assurance formelle. Les éleveurs français reconnaissent la liberalité de l'Angleterre, ils lui en témoignent leur gratitude, non pas tant encore pour le profit qu'ils en ont tiré comme argent, que pour la connaissance qu'ils en ont acquise dans les luttes, du mérite de leur produits, et par l'accroissement de valeur qui en est résulté pour leurs chevaux.

"Aussi à peine les faits ont-ils été connus et démontrés que nous nous sommes empressés, autant que cela était légalement possible, d'ouvrir les courses françaises aux produits nés et élevés en Angleterre, et les prix ouverts aujourd'hui s'élèvent à près de 250,000 fr. chaque année.

"Mais ces allocations sont prises sur les fonds donnés par les

villes, les compagnies de chemin-de-fer ou les particuliers qui ont la liberté de faire de leur argent ce qui leur convient; nous ne sommes pas les maîtres d'agir ainsi pour nos propres fonds et ceux donnés par notre gouvernement. Notre société existe en vertu de contrats qui nous engagent; nous n'avons pas le pouvoir ni le droit de les modifier sans l'autorisation des pouvoirs publics; nous sommes contraints de nous soumettre à la loi.

"Si nous avions ce droit, peut-être nous serait-il encore permis de vous soumettre quelques observations sur le principe de réciprocité que vous invoquez au nom de l'équité, car il y a entre l'organisation des courses anglaises et la nôtre des différences essentielles qu'il faudrait nécessairement apprécier, mais je crois inutile de traiter cette question, la question légale dominant toutes les autres, je vous prends vous-même pour juge.

"Mon cher Amiral, je crois que la question soulève trop de difficultés pour que la solution puisse être l'œuvre d'un jour, mais je pense qu'en persévérant dans la voie où nous sommes entrés, en augmentant progressivement sur les allocations particulières le nombre des prix ouverts aux chevaux anglais, nous nous rapprocherons plus sûrement et plus vite du but que nous désirons atteindre. J'en causerai avec vous à Londres, où j'arriverai le 19; je ne saurais assez vous dire combien ma satisfaction serait complète si nous trouvions une solution avec l'aide de votre expérience.

"Agreez, mon cher Amiral, l'assurance de mon très-sincère et respectueux attachement.

DARU."

THE STRAY DEER IN HERTS.—The stag Sefton, which got away from her Majesty's Staghounds last week, has performed some strange vagaries in Herts since it has been at large. It is very fast and a long stayer, and is likely to cause much trouble before it is recaptured.

THE WEST NORFOLK FOXHOUNDS.—The West Norfolk Hunt met on Saturday last at Congham House, the seat of Mr. R. Elwes, about four miles distant from Sandringham, and as it was expected that the Prince of Wales and some of his guests would be present, there was a very full muster. Shortly before 12 o'clock the Prince and Princess of Wales, attended by the Hon. Mrs. Stonor and Lieutenant-Colonel Ellis, and accompanied by several of the guests of their Royal Highnesses staying at Sandringham, arrived at Congham House, and after a short interval, during which their Royal Highnesses honoured Mr. and Mrs. Elwes at luncheon, Mr. Anthony Hamond, the popular master, gave the necessary orders to his huntsman Clayden, and the pack was at once taken to Grimston Carr, where they were no sooner put in than some of the most knowing ones gave tongue. After a smart run, aided somewhat by the fog, which had now become very dense, the fox gave his pursuers the slip. Clayden and his pack now drew Massingham Heath, and found a second fox, but the fog was so thick that nothing could be done with him.

## REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD SPORTSMAN.

BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

CHAPTER XX.

A GREAT deal has been written about the degeneracy of the Turf, and a most honourable member of it has been compelled to resign his livings in consequence of an episcopal appeal, an appeal which reminds one very much of the sort of compulsion adopted by the police force. When a man has been guilty of some outrage in the street, has abstracted his neighbours' pocket-handkerchief or watch, he is seized by the vigorous hand of a constable, who, holding him fast by the collar, exclaims, "I don't wish to use no compulsion, but you must come along with me." This sort of pressure has, without wishing to compare the Bishop with a "bobby," still less Mr. Launde with a culprit, undoubtedly been used by the Bishop of Lincoln respecting the owner of Apology, who has felt it his duty to succumb under the fire of this great canon of the Church. Notwithstanding the denunciations of a few from the pulpit against the Turf, the secession of many noble and influential supporters of it, and the deaths of some of its most honourable patrons, the races of 1874 prove that our national amusement, one which not only gives pleasure to all classes, but tends to improve the breed of horses, still flourishes in all its pristine grandeur.

To prove that the Turf has been highly supported, I have only to remark that her Majesty took an interest in the Turf. I have only to mention that in 1840 the Queen and the Prince Consort honoured Epsom with their presence. The day was fine, and the concourse of persons of all ranks greater, perhaps, than ever was known before. The different roads through which the royal party passed to the Grand Stand were thronged with spectators, who received the royal pair with universal cheering. The Queen and the Prince Consort arrived soon after one, in time to allow the Prince to ride round the course, and see the preparations for the day's sport. To the Derby Stakes there were one hundred and forty-four subscribers, but only seventeen horses were brought to the post. The betting before starting was 9 to 4 against Lord Westminster's Launcelot, brother to Touchstone, ridden by Scott; and 50 to 1 against Mr. Robertson's Little Wonder, by Muley out of Lacerta, ridden by Macdonald. After a most exciting race Little Wonder went by the post a clever winner by a length, Launcelot second; Mr. Etwall's b. c. by Mulatto out of Malady, ridden by J. Day, jun., third; Mr. Holdsworth's c. Confederate, by Velocipede out of Miss Maltby, piloted by Rogers, fourth; Lord Albemarle's b. c. Assassin, by Taurus out of Sneaker, ridden by E. Edwards, fifth; and Lord Exeter's c. Amurath, by Sultan out of Marinella, ridden by "Nat," sixth. Of the others, though piloted by Robinson, Buckle, Lye, J. Day, Nelson, Darling, Wakefield, Chapple, Templeman, Conolly, and Forth, we may say in the lines of Corneille :

"Le reste ne vaut pas l'honneur d'être nommée."

Immediately after the race, Mr. I'Anson entered the weighing-place, and delivered to Macdonald an elegant riding-whip as a testimonial from the Prince Consort of his admiration of his jockeyship. After the second race the royal party left the course for Claremont, amidst the acclamations of the multitude. It was a matter of regret that the Queen and the Prince Consort were not present on the next day but one, to see Lord George Bentinck's Crucifix win the Oaks in a canter, beating Mr. Payne's Welfare, Mr. Wigram's Teleta, and twelve others, and by which it was said that the "Leviathan of the Turf" won £20,000 by his mare.

While upon the subject of Lord George Bentinck, I must tell an anecdote that occurred at King's Lynn, during the period that I had the honour of representing that borough, in conjunction with that lamented nobleman. Lord George had got into *mauvaise œuvre* with a few liberal constituents, in consequence of having voted for what was termed the Chandos clause in the Reform Bill, he having previously supported "the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill." Upon canvassing a gentleman highly respectable, but rather of an ultra-radical turn, my colleague told me that he feared that his reception by Mr. —— would be the north side of friendly, and urged me to enter first and attempt to appease him. Nothing could be more gracious than Mr. ——'s manner was to me, promising me every support; and when I said, "We hope again to be returned he gave an encouraging look to Lord George, whose handsome face was immediately irradiated with a smile. "You are devoted to the Turf," proceeded Mr. ——, "it's a fine, noble pursuit." My colleague, thinking he had met with a congenial spirit, replied with animation, "Oh yes, devoted to it."—"I wish to ask you a question," continued the other. Lord George was chuckling with delight. "If I have a horse that runs straight as a two-year-old, and then in the following year bolts out of the course, what should I do with him?" "Give him away, or get rid of him as soon as possible." As Nathan said to David, "Thou art the man," shouted the radical in an excited tone; "leave the house; I only vote for those who run straight." Poor George Bentinck's face became as white as snow, and I hurried him away, without permitting him to respond to his enraged constituent.

Disraeli, in his "Political Biography" of Lord George, gives the following anecdote:—"In 1848 a committee of the House of Commons was named, of which his Lordship was the chairman, to take into consideration the sugar and coffee planting question. A few days before the report was agreed to—it was the day after the Derby, May 25—the writer (Disraeli) met Lord George Bentinck in the library of the House of Commons. He was standing before the bookshelves, with a volume in his hand, and his countenance was greatly disturbed. His resolutions in favour of the colonial interest, after all his labours, had been negatived by the committee on the 22nd, and on the 24th, his horse Surplice, whom he had parted with among the rest of his stud, solely that he might pursue without distraction his labours on behalf of the great interests of the country, had won that paramount and Olympian stake, to gain which had been the object of his life. He had nothing to console him and nothing to sustain him except his pride. Even that deserted him before a heart which he knew at least could yield him sympathy. He gave a sort of superb groan. "All my life I have been trying for this, and for what have I sacrificed it?" he murmured. It was in vain to offer solace. "You do not know what the Derby is," he moaned out, "Yes I do; it is the Blue Ribbon of the Turf."—"It is the Blue Ribbon of the Turf," he slowly repeated to himself, and sitting down at the table, he buried himself in a folio of statistics. But on Monday, the 29th, when the resolution in favour of a 10-shilling differential duty for the colonies had at the last moment been carried, and carried by his casting vote, "the Blue Ribbons of the Turf" were all forgotten. Not for all the honours and successes of all the meetings, Spring or Autumn, Newmarket, Epsom, Goodwood, Doncaster, would he have exchanged that hour of rapture. His eye sparkled with fire, his nostril dilated with triumph, his brow was elate like a conqueror, his sanguine spirit saw a future of continued and illimitable success. "We have saved the colonies," he said, "saved the colonies. I knew it must be so. It is the knell of free trade."

Lord George was occasionally the object of personal attacks levelled against him as the former "Leviathan of the Turf." Upon

one occasion, the First Minister, Earl, then Lord, John Russell, nettled at some observations made by the noble lord against the Colonial Office, said, "that these mean frauds, these extremely dishonourable tricks, which Lord George Bentinck imputed, were not the faults and characteristics of men who are high in public office in this country; they were characteristics of men who were engaged in pursuits which Lord George Bentinck long followed." Upon this there was a burst of disapprobation from all sides, in the midst of which the Minister, feeling perhaps that the drift of his retort had been somewhat misapprehended, went on to say that Lord George Bentinck some years ago had greatly distinguished himself in detecting a fraud of that nature with respect to the name or the age of a horse, in which he showed very great quickness of apprehension. But the house would not be diverted from its first impression, and the Minister, though he pursued his observations for some minutes, was continually interrupted. It was clear that the taste and feeling of the house were both offended. This unusual indiscretion from so eminent a personage called forth a rejoinder from a friend of Lord George Bentinck, who reminded the Minister that his brother, the Duke of Bedford, had taken the lead in honouring Lord George Bentinck for his great services to public morality in this very instance. Two Cabinet Ministers endeavoured to palliate the position of their chief, but the house was not appeased.

There can be no doubt that Lord George Bentinck, who was called the Leviathan of the Turf, did a great deal towards cleansing the Augean stable; he was the terror of the unprincipled black sheep, or, strictly speaking, black legs, that are to be found in every flock, and from which the Turf, like the Church, the Law, the Bar, the Army, the Navy, the Exchange, is not exempt. He was moreover the terror of the refractory jockey who would not obey the starter's orders, and an enemy to the touter. A good story is told of his Lordship. Upon one occasion, when his horses were being trained at Goodwood, he was particularly anxious that a trial which was about to come off should be kept dark. At an early hour, accompanied by John Kent, that prince of trainers, and the two jockeys who were to ride the trial horses, Lord George appeared upon the race course near the Grand Stand. While the horses were being stripped, the noble lord looked about everywhere to see whether any of the touters were abroad, but he could see nothing except an old woman picking mushrooms. "Shall I be in the way?" asked the crone. "Not at all" responded the other, "so long as you don't come on the course." The trial took place, the result being most satisfactory; a messenger was despatched in a chaise and four to Tattersall's (for railways were not then in prospective existence) to get the money on, while the noble lord proceeded to Chichester the moment after breakfast with the same object. Great was his surprise to find that the trial was known, and greater still was it when it afterwards oozed out that the mushroom gatherer was a tout in disguise. Although I am not at all prepared to say that malpractices have not existed on the Turf, it appears harsh to censure all for the faults of a few, and, looking at the temptations to which trainers, jockeys, and stable-lads are exposed, I consider on the whole their conduct has been most satisfactory. Horses have been pulled, not alone by professional but by amateur riders; horses have been poisoned, fained, and drugged, and many artful dodges have been resorted to. One that came within my notice occurred some time ago at rather a small meeting in the North of England. The jockey went to the weighing scale with a whip very heavily laden with quicksilver, and a leaden knob. After weighing, and when about to mount, a confederate changed whips with him, taking the heavy one and replacing it with one of a much lighter weight. After the horses had passed the post, the same process took place, and for some time it was successful; at last the trick was discovered, and the jockey was ignominiously warned off the race-courses. Beans, too, mixed with poison, have been known to be shot from pop-guns into the mangers; and many a horse has been purposely lame when being plated. I can speak feelingly upon the latter subject. Some years ago, when I was in the Royal Horse Guards (Blues), I had a race-horse called Canova, by Rubens out of Diana. I had entered him to run at a rural race-course in Kent, within five-and-forty miles of London, and fully anticipated carrying off at least two plates. A few days before the meeting was to take place, I went down to see my horse, and found him perfectly well; upon the morning of it, great was my surprise to find that he had been scratched. "What has happened?" I exclaimed. "Pricked in shoeing," was the reply. As the principal actors in this nefarious affair no longer exist, I shall merely add that I afterwards discovered the trainer had been squared by an unprincipled owner of race-horses.

(To be continued.)

THE filly by Neville out of Plausible, 2 yrs., has left Caswell's stable, at Lewes, for George Fordham's, at Slough.

HEDNESFORD.—Querida, Ushant, and Alderley have been turned out of training.

MIDDLEHAM.—Broughton, Almora, and Young Dutchman colt (4 yrs.) have left Hall's stables, and gone home for the winter.

TIPPERARY RACES, 1875.—Tipperary races are fixed for the 18th and 19th of May, and Tipperary Autumn for the 24th and 25th of August, over the Brookville Flying Course.

LAMBOURNE.—All Mr. Down's horses—including Cassock, Old Fashion, Lytton, and Lady Constance—have left Humphrey's stable, Stork House, and will in future be trained by F. Lynham; they are at present located at the Red Lion Inn, Lambourne.

DEATH OF MR. THOMAS SWINDELLS.—An old and highly respected member of Tattersall's has been removed from our midst. Mr. Swindells died rather suddenly last Friday after an illness of several months. Deceased was a near relative of the gentleman of the same name who has brought off so many *coupes* on the Turf, and with whose family the deceased lived on terms of intimacy and friendship. The funeral will take place on Tuesday next at Brompton Cemetery.

DEATH OF CACHUCA.—Lord Portsmouth's brood mare Cachuca was found dead in her box on Saturday morning, having cast twin colts by Parmesan. Cachuca (foaled in 1860) was by Fandango out of La Victime, by Flatcatcher, and was put to the stud in 1864. Her progeny were not successful on the Turf, nothing of her getting having been distinguished even in "plating" company. Cachuca finished her career on the Turf as a three-year-old, and never won a race.

FUNERAL OF MR. HENRY WRIGHT.—On Saturday afternoon last the remains of Mr. H. Wright were interred in the family vault at Nunhead Cemetery, Peckham. Deceased enjoyed great popularity among racing men, and the funeral was largely attended. Leaving Isleworth at half past twelve, the *cortege* reached Nunhead shortly before 4 o'clock, a very large number of carriages having joined the funeral party. The chapel in the cemetery was crowded while the service was being read by the chaplain. The hearse was drawn by four horses, and there were four mourning coaches, the first containing the three children of deceased. Among those present at the funeral were Mr. and Mrs. Clifford, Mr. F. Clifford, Mr. C. Clifford, Mr. N. Clifford, Mr. Sercombe, Mr. L. Hart, Mr. J. Valentine, Mr. Curtiss, Dr. Johnson, Mr. Proom, Mr. Lowe, Mr. Budden, Mr. J. F. Verrall, Mr. Hardaway, and Mr. Carr. Mr. Wright was interred in the same vault as his wife, who died two years ago.

## Hunting.

## THE EARL OF COVENTRY'S HOUNDS.

THIS pack met at Ragley Hall on Friday last, in consequence of the Prince and Princess Christian being on a visit to the Marquis of Hertford. The weather was all that could be desired, and immense numbers in vehicles, on horseback, and on foot assembled to witness the meet. The hounds were trained down and arrived at Alcester by 11 o'clock; they were then taken to Ragley. The meet was witnessed by the Princess Christian, the Marchioness of Hertford, and by many of the guests of the hall. H. R. H. Prince Christian, the Marquis of Hertford, the Earl of Yarmouth, and the two Ladies Seymour took part in the hunt. A splendid luncheon was laid for the hunt, and all comers were liberally entertained. The hounds were turned out in good condition. At about 11.30 his Lordship gave Price the order to draw the Old Park, and we had not been long in covert before a fox was found, and after running him for about forty minutes, was killed. Colchamford was next drawn, and a fox was soon on foot; broke away through to Oak Hill, then made along at a good pace for Old Park, thence making his way towards Thorn Hill, when he tried to evade his pursuers by making a hold in Wheatley Wood, after a little dodging in cover, and finding it rather hot. Broke away as if for Inkberrow, when he turned to the left over a roughish country, where dirty coats were to be seen at almost every fence. He then pointed his head for Radford Gate, when he turned to the left and rushed through the bottom of Wheatley Wood, passing Wheatley Church, and made his way through Persons Wood, and over Ragley Hall when the hounds were stopped, as it was getting dark. The Earl and Countess had nearly 20 miles to traverse before they reached home.

The meet on Saturday was at Birlingham, luncheon being provided at Mr. Britton's for all comers. The hounds were delayed about half an hour, in consequence of the fog. Tiddeley Wood produced a fox, who broke away in the direction of Deptford. The fog still coming on the hounds were stopped.

BROOKSIDE HARRIERS.—The Brookside Harriers hunt two days a week, meeting on Mondays at Newmarket Hill, and on Thursdays at Telscombe Tyre, at 11 o'clock.

DOUBLE-SCULLING MATCH.—W. H. Miller, of Newcastle, and Joseph Calvert, of Gateshead, on the one part, and W. Smith and J. Douglas, both of Gateshead, on the other, have been matched to row a double-sculling race on the Tyne, from the Mansion House to the Meadows House, on Tuesday, December 22, for £10 a side. James Taylor, of the Trafalgar Inn, New Bridge Street, Newcastle, is final stakeholder.

DR. LEITNER'S INDIAN COLLECTION.—The *Cambridge Chronicle* of last Saturday publishes a very long and elaborate description of this remarkable collection of Central Asiatic antiquities and products, and then adds:—"Its retention in this country seems of the highest importance, as well for purposes of study as in view of the development of a vast region which should be made tributary to England's commerce; and the authorities of the India Museum or of the British Museum should not be indifferent to negotiations now in progress, which, unless we are misinformed, may end in the transfer of the collection to the United States." Much reproach was bestowed upon the authorities of the British Museum for permitting the Cesnola collection to be purchased by the United States; and it is probable that if they permit Dr. Leitner's collection to also go there, they will be again reproached.

TURF NEWS FROM FRANCE.—Franc-tireur, Sire, Sabre, Gogoline, and several brood mares belonging to M. Charles Lafitte, will be included in the annual Villebon draft to be sold at Chéri's on Wednesday next. The Commission of the Haras have purchased Ecaille, 2 yrs., Orphée, 3 yrs., Océanie, Lilas, and Walter Scott, from Bartholomew's, T. Carter, jun.'s, and M. E. Fould's stables. Montargis pulled up lame after running in the Prix National at Bordeaux, won by Manille. The veteran French steeple-chaser, The Colonel, died recently at Count de Clenchy's château of Villers-sur-Lesse. He won 25 steeple-chases between 1858 and 1863 of the value of 112,950 fr. It is expected there will be another steeple-chase meeting at Anteuil on the 6th of December. J. Heslop, who rode Peut-être in the Queen's Plate at Newmarket, has left H. Jennings's stable, and will ride next year for H. Gibson's stable.

WEST LONDON ROWING CLUB SPORTS.—These revived sports, the last meeting being held in 1871, took place at Lillie Bridge Grounds, West Brompton, on Saturday afternoon last, but owing to the dense fog there was not a very large company. The programme was not so extensive as formerly, only two events being enumerated, viz., a 150 Yards Handicap, open to the West London Rowing and Boxing Clubs and the Ilex Swimming Club, the final heat being won by A. C. Cutts (W. L. R. C.) 16 yards' start; J. Howell (Ilex S. Club), 11, being second; and W. A. D. Evans (Ilex S. Club), 2½, was third. The race was won by two yards and a half; half a yard between second and third; time, 15 3-5 sec. An Open Quarter of a Mile Handicap, in which there were five heats and a final, fell to C. A. W. Gilbert (Marlborough School), 32 yards' start; J. Alexander, 20, coming in second, four yards behind A. E. Ball (Thames Haro and Hounds), 24, only beaten for third place by a foot; time, 51 sec. The prizes were very handsome and valuable, and on the conclusion of the sports were presented to the successful competitors by Mr. J. Taylor, the president of the club.

THE INTERNATIONAL GUN AND POLO CLUB.—On Saturday last the members of this club continued their weekly meetings at Preston, near Brighton, when some sweepstakes at three birds each and an optional at five each were decided. The birds were some of the very best ever trapped, and the weather being beautifully fine and clear, they left the traps at great speed. The Optional Sweepstakes was won by Captain Harrison, killing five out of eight, and defeating Mr. Percy Treller in the ties. The chief winners of the ordinary events were Captain Bradford, Mr. C. J. Ebden, Mr. Clifton, Mr. Warwick, Mr. Crawshaw, Mr. E. Neame, Mr. Chillingworth, and Captain Harrison. Previous to the Optional Sweepstakes, Mr. Chillingworth and Mr. Pelham shot a match for £10 at five birds each, 25 yards, Mr. Chillingworth receiving two dead birds out of five, and shooting with one hand only. The match resulted in favour of Mr. Chillingworth, who killed two out of three, irrespective of the two dead birds allowed him. On Saturday (to-day) another beautiful free silver cup will be shot for, without an entrance fee, at six birds each—three at 25 yards and three at 27, the ties to be shot off at 26. The shooting will begin at half past 12 with a £1 sweepstakes at three birds each, but the competition for the cup will not commence before 2 o'clock. The International Gun and Polo Club, in addition to their home meetings, will hold some next year at Paris, Spa, Baden-Baden, and in the South of France. At Paris there will be an international polo meeting the week before the Grand Prix is run for, as well as shooting; and in January next the International Gun and Polo Club will hold a meeting either at Monaco or Cannes, when they will give a free prize of the value of 1000 fr. to be shot for without an entrance fee.

## Sporting Intelligence.

### RACING RETROSPECTIVE AND PROSPECTIVE.

"It seems to be the fate of man, to seek all his consolations in futurity. The time present is seldom fit to desire or imagination with immediate enjoyment, and we are forced to supply its deficiencies by recollection or anticipation."—DR. JOHNSON.

THE extraordinary fine weather enjoyed by those who last week patronised Mr. Frail at Shrewsbury unhappily failed to continue to the close of the racing year. The last race had scarcely been run within the precincts of the proud old capital of Salop, when King Frost asserted his iron rule, and very nearly caused the break up of the "Merry meeting," which now annually winds up the racing season at Warwick. On Saturday the change commenced mildly, but Sunday there were nine degrees of frost, while on Monday one met carts trundling along all the northern suburbs, loaded with ice nearly an inch thick. On Tuesday morning there was no abatement of the frost in the metropolis or its vicinity, but nevertheless knowing the changeableness of our own varying climate, few who had made up their minds to witness the wind-up of the season quite gave up the hope of the meeting being brought off successfully. The nine o'clock special from Paddington was consequently largely patronised, but as the train sped along, when the breath on the windows was seen to assume those fantastic shapes which so surely mark the temperature, then many wished they had not started on such a wild-goose errand, and bets were offered, which were not very keenly responded to, that there would be no racing that day. For upwards of fifty miles white rime, in thickness almost equal to a slight snowfall, covered the earth, but approaching Rugby the bright green herbage of the fine pasture land in its vicinity, showed that the frost there had not been so intense. This fact had of course an inspiring effect, reviving as it did the hopes of the passengers that the meeting would yet be carried out in its integrity. And in this they were not disappointed, for they had scarcely reached the scene of action when the bell rung out a merry peal, announcing the commencement of the last act of the great racing drama of 1874. Of course, the running track showed that the "nipping frosts which bite the meads" had been there, for the going was not good, being heavy, while the turf broke up almost the moment it was touched. So much, however, was to be expected, and the state of the ground had consequently no ill effect in lessening the fields; some idea of the extent of which may be found from the fact that no fewer than eighty-seven horses ran on the first day in the nine races brought to issue; while ninety-seven contended in the same number of races on the second. Two such afternoons' sport have rarely been seen even at midsummer, and which it is now my purpose to briefly review. And I may first premise that many distinguished votaries and patrons of both branches of the national sport, which, under Mr. Merry's management, are so happily made to go hand in hand, were present, and had it not been that Jupiter Pluvius, almost a worse enemy to racing at Warwick than King Frost himself, asserted his prerogative to flood the Swan Meadow and thoroughly drench the visitors on the second day, everything would have gone on pleasantly. A large number of two-year-olds have, for the last few years, been brought to run at the Warwick November Meeting, and it was so on this occasion—the Nursery Handicaps being one of the most attractive features in the programme. In the two days under notice no fewer than forty-two ran, the most distinguished of whom most unquestionably was The Trappist. This youngster, who does no little credit to his sire, the Hermit, carried the heavy impost of 8st. 12lb in both Nurseries, under which he ran so gallantly, that he secured second honours in both races, having been beaten respectively by Seymour and Woodpecker. To the former, whom it is well known is a fair horse when he is in the humour to try, he was giving 14lb, and yet suffered only a neck defeat; while he beat Hampton by a head, giving him as much as 2st 7lb. This was a very great performance; but he eclipsed it in the Second Nursery by carrying the same heavy impost in both, with the second place behind Woodpecker, the good-looking son of Orest, to whom he was giving 1st 12lb; while he beat Harriet Laws, to whom he gave 1st 6lb, by a neck for second, eight others being behind, including the over-rated Ghost (late Fakenham Ghost), Woodman of Arden, and Cock-a-hoop. Maud Victoria ran no better than she has hitherto done, and, being small, is never likely to emulate the deeds of her now famous sister, Louise Victoria. Billesdon, who was also expected to show some form, ran indifferently; while the running of Hampton quite disappointed the Epsom division. The Selling Nursery, in falling to Fleurange so easily as it did, showed what a really good horse the Trappist is, as she could get no nearer than a bad fourth in his race; and yet she beat Nasturtium, who was trusted by the Woodyates people as well as the Papoose colt and seven others, in a common canter. This very neat, wiry filly, who was bred in France, and is by Consul, out of Mdlle. de Fontenoy, was sold by Mr. G. Payne at Shrewsbury to Col. Forester for 50 guineas; and he thought so much of her performance, that he bought her in for 250 guineas. The Racing Stakes was finely contested by Circumlocution (late Gladstone) and little Boy Blue, being only won by a head. The winner, who is by Velocipede (late Legislator), out of So Glad, by Gladiateur, was bred at Dewhurst, and entered to be sold for 50 guineas, was bought in for 150 guineas, which was a further good windfall to the race-fund. Gladstone is a good sized, true-shaped youngster, with plenty of bone, and from his fine breeding ought to make a good horse. His dam, So Glad, is out of Baroness, by Stockwell, her dam, Escalade, by Touchstone, so he can claim high relationship, which, with time, he is sure not to discredit. In the Envile Stakes, which was for all ages, Tweed distinguished himself by running Cora a close race, at 21lb for the two years between them, and beating Bothwell, winner of the Two Thousand in 1872, beating Stirling and King of the Forest. This was a fair performance on the part of Tweed, who is another youngster that is sure to improve with time.

Among the older horses, those which most distinguished themselves were Day Dream, Lady Atherstone, Vanderdecken, Scotch Cake, and Louise Victoria, and the filly by Dundee, out of Beeswing, who won the several races in which they were engaged. The Donnington Handicap fell to Day Dream, who very patiently ridden by F. Archer, beat Moreby on Mr. Winkle by a head, while behind the pair were Restless, Xanthus, and Berryfield. All the party found backers, but, oddly enough, considering that he had never shown sufficient form to cope with such rivals, Berryfield was made the favourite at a little over 5 to 2, while 7 to 2 was taken about Day Dream and Restless, and 4 to 1 each about Xanthus and Mr. Winkle. And a better betting race the ring have not had for many a day. Had Mr. Winkle not been made quite so much use of, he might have won, but Restless appears to have lost all heart to struggle, as when the push came she threw it up. Xanthus was a bad fourth, and Berryfield just where his antecedents warranted his being—last. The Welter Handicap fell to Lady Atherstone, the recollection of whose defeat here last year for the Winding-up Handicap no doubt deterred the general body of backers from putting their trust in her on this occasion, as Castle Willan opened the favourite, and, so continued to the close. Well and consistently as the horse, of

whom the late lamented Lord Annesley was so fond, has often run, he was never any match for Lady Atherstone at 9lb and in consequence, her ladyship "walked in," as the ring *patois* has it, and landed Sir George Chetwynd a good stake. Vanderdecken opened the favourite for the Great Autumn Welter Cup, but at last there was little to chose between him and Lowlander, although the latter was giving the Dutchman 10lb. It proved to be quite a delusion on the part of those who thought he could, as Vanderdecken very soon galloped him down, leaving Old Fashion the questionable honour of galloping home second three lengths in his rear. The winner revelled in the dirt like a mudlark, and will very likely take another race before the close of the Meeting. The mile Welter Handicap was taken to the North by the aid of Scotch Cake, who, considering how easily he won at Lincoln, got in far too cheap, made Dukedom give him 16lb, and Glaucus as much as 18lb, although he had beaten the latter in a canter on the Carholme. Dukedom was eagerly backed by the Southerns, who found that as Captain Machell had broken the ice with Vanderdecken, he was likely to throw in a second time. The Northerners, however, stuck stoutly to Scotch Cake, whom they soon made as good a favourite as Dukedom, whom and Glaucus also he galloped almost to a standstill, and won by three lengths. For the Great Midland Counties' Handicap, nine horses went to the starting-post, but nevertheless speculation on the race was neither heavy nor important. Quail had the premiership in the betting to the close, and those most fancied besides were Chance, Louise Victoria, and Lady Alice, the latter of whom met Quail on so much more favourable terms than at Shrewsbury that her chance was highly thought of. The Northern division stuck to Jealousy, who, for the Northumberland Autumn Plate, had beaten Thunder so easily that they found through him they had the measure of the field. These half-hearted horses Louise Victoria, who, like Vanderdecken, fairly revelled in the mud, soon galloped to a standstill, and with her fine knee-action came bounding like a deer past the winning chair full of running. But cleverly as was her success achieved, no cheer arose to greet her victory, or to welcome her on returning to the enclosure to weigh in, and it every day becomes more evident that it will take a long time to obliterate the bitter feelings, that still rankle in the public mind against Mr. Cartwright in respect to the management of her brother George Frederick for the St. Leger. The ease with which Louise Victoria won, shows that she must have had many pounds in hand at Liverpool, for even here up to her knees in sludge, she might have surely carried 10 more and won. The Quail could not move in the mud, through which she went hopping just like a kangaroo, while Petition fairly stuck in it. Chance and Lady Alice certainly improved on their previous performances, but that they could not help doing, so wretched have they been, and the Guy Cup which the filly by Dundee out of Beeswing won, was splendidly contested by her and Highlander, who only suffered a head defeat. Tried a few days back to be as good as Tripaway, the usual supporters of Blanton's stable put it down upon her pretty thick. The victory was actually only a head, and they owe it to the riding of little Rossiter about whom, as my connection with this Journal ceases at the close of the year, I will thus early give the same "tip" I did about Glover, "follow Rossiter," who is in my opinion likely to become the future "champion of the lightweights." Constable, F. Archer, and even Glover are now well up among the mid-weights.

The Selling Platters mustered in strong force, no fewer than thirty-six of that class running during the two days to which my review extends. The best of these, or perhaps, to speak more correctly, the most successful of them proved to be Abingdon, Bothwell, and Cora, the subsequent sale of whom benefitted the race-fund to some extent. Abingdon, a very good-looking, black, three-year-old colt, by Oxford out of Honeymoon, by Coruna, won the Handicap Selling Stakes on the first day so cleverly from Caro, Cora, Sessay, Economy, and seven others, that he went very cheap to Mr. G. Payne for 120 guineas, as he will take a race before the close of the meeting. This colt is descended from the famous Agnes family, Honeymoon's dam being Fair Agnes, by Melbourne, out of Black Agnes, by Velocipede. The winner was not much fancied, the favourites being Whistler and Kismet. The same was the case with the once famous Boswell, winner of the Two Thousand, in 1871, and subsequently first favourite for the Derby. Though looking in fine health and condition, as the Woodyates people did not fancy him, only a stray filly was invested on him, another of the "noisy" family, Bras-de-Fer, being elected favourite, while the Northerners backed Tommy Tyler for a lot of money. The latter, after Cora had been shut in on the rails, proved Bothwell's most dangerous opponent; but, running the longest, he won by three-quarters of a length, and was bought at auction cheap enough by Mr. T. Green, the Beverley trainer, for 100 guineas. On Wednesday those who saw Cora closed in benefited by that knowledge, as she started at a good price, and, in the hands of Constable, beat Tweed, Bothwell, and ten others by a neck.

That the jumping business and hunters' races occasioned quite as much interest as the "legitimate" could hardly escape the notice of even the most unobservant. No fewer than twelve timber-toppers went to the starting-post for the principal hurdle race; and, although I have seen larger fields, these were an unexceptionable good-looking party; and this will be readily admitted when I state that Palm, Nestor II., Coronet, Croydon, Florizel, Princess Christian, Clonave, Orator, Annie and Roné, were among the number. The race was run at a fine pace, and in falling to Nestor II., the best-looking, and doubtless the best at weight won. The winner, who is by Matamore out of Nora, was bred in France, and is the property of one of the most popular members of the French Jockey Club, Baron Finot. He stands about 15 hands 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  in. high; and in shape he may be written down as faultless, while though not on a large scale, he is one of the strongest horses in training, with great bone. Nestor II. has a remarkably fine temper, and jumps in faultless style; and, taking him altogether, he is the very *beau-ideal* of the steeple-chaser, Princess Christian, considering that she has not been long practised at hurdles, jumped them in very good form, and will yet do her owner, Mr. G. Crook, good service at this business. Croydon, who is by Melbourne or Brahma out of Lumley's dam, also ran well for a beginner, as did Coronet also, and for the latter, of whom I anticipate a distinguished cross-country career, as I do also for Clonave, when more practised to the business. Orator, who divided the favouritism with the winner, ran fast, but was quite done with on entering the straight, and as he can hardly expect to get in on any better terms hereafter, his owner to make him pay will have to select a shorter course than two miles for him. Of Mr. Leigh's pair, Palm was hardly up to the mark, while Florizel will require more practice before he will be good to stand at this business. The field for the Union Hunt Cup showed that there are plenty of weight-carrying, thorough-bred hunters still in the country, with all the outcry about the deterioration of our horses. The contest was watched with great intent, and although Revenge—who whilom was so often going to win the Cesarewitch and Cambridge-shire, but never did either—won it was only by a head, and that head Jenny Adams. The runner up was the good-looking Follow-Me by Bredalbane, who has already been a winner over hurdles, while the third was a remarkably clever filly by Wantage out of Tit-bit by Teddington, the dam of Dainty, who is a

fair cross-country performer. Follow-Me was very well ridden by Mr. W. B. Gilpin, the son of his owner, and Mr. Hathaway rode the Wantage filly; and among the other riders were "Mr. Holly," Hon. E. Willoughby, Mr. Billings, Mr. Thomas, Mr. E. Coventry, and Mr. E. P. Wilson. Another French bred horse Little Tom (late Baby) by Orphelin out of Ma Folie, took the Warwick Handicap Steeple Chase very easily by two lengths from Jules, with Annie, who was the favourite third, while behind them were Florizel, Sparrow, His Lordship, and Clonave. The winner on a rather smaller scale bears considerable resemblance to Nestor II., and will make a most useful horse across-country. The Sparrow has improved considerably in his style of jumping, which he required to do to pay his way at this business. "Practice makes perfect," however, and the Sparrow may yet do a good thing over the country. The result of the Maiden Hurdle Race Plate shows the aptitude some three-year-olds possess for jumping, as Emerald who is only that age, beat Fontarabian cleverly by three-quarters of a length, while the Useful Conqueror was third, close up, while eleven others were scattered all over the course. The winner, who is by Sundeelah out of Freight by John O' Gaunt, the dam of Mars and Snowdrop, was very well ridden by G. Jarvis, while George Waddington steered Fontarabian, who will be very useful over timber when he gets more practice.

While writing these concluding lines (8 o'clock a.m., Thursday) the snow is falling fast, the earth being covered some couple of inches deep, so unless a great change takes place before noon, a postponement of this day's races will, at least, become necessary. Upon the Great Croydon Steeple-chase, the acceptances for which are not due until Tuesday, no betting of any importance has taken place, nor is it likely there will be until after their publication. In the interest of the readers of this Journal, I came here with a special eye to see the jumpers, and when the perfect Croydon programme is to hand, I hope to be able to point out the horses which possess the best chance of winning the principal events.

There has been little done on the Croydon Steeple-chase, nor will there be until the acceptances are announced. They are due at too late an hour this Thursday afternoon to allow of my offering any opinion as to its probable issue. All I can now say is that SILVERMERE and DERVICIE are fancied in well-informed quarters, particularly the former.

BEACON.

### TURF NOMENCLATURE.

|   |                         |
|---|-------------------------|
| The following names have been given:—   |                         |
| Captain Warburton's   | Belle                   |
| Grey filly (1 yrs) (late Oxford Mixture) by Oxford out of Irish Belle, by Kingston..... | Belle                   |
| Bay colt (2 yrs) (late Tho Fakenham Ghost) by Suffolk out of Fiction .....              | The Ghast               |
| Bay yearling filly by Suffolk out of Varma .....  | Decina                  |
| Mr. W. T. Rothwell's  | Rusticus                |
| Brown colt (3 yrs) by Stockwell out of Gazza Ladra .....                                | Leisetta                |
| Baby filly (2 yrs) by Macaroni out of Stockings .....                                   | Mr. C. Trotter, jun.'s, |
| Bay or brown colt foal by Knight of the Garter out of Manie                             | X.G.                    |
| Mr. H. Coventry's   | Roehampton              |
| Chestnut yearling colt by Lord Clifden out of Summer's Eve                              |                         |

COLLINGHAM, who changed hands at Shrewsbury, has gone into T. Steven's stable, where, it is said, he will be schooled for jumping.

VESINET STEEPELCHASES.—Sunday, November 22.—Results:—Prix du Chemin de Fer: Mr. C. Thorpe's Hic, by Le Mandarin out of Harlequina (Diggles), first; Sonnette, second; Almeneches, third. Nine ran. Won by two lengths. Prix du Pavilion: Mr. C. Thorpe's Jaguar, by Young Monarque out of Juanita (Diggles), first; Niche, second; Provost Marshal, third. Won easily. Prix d'Adieu: Mr. W. Alexander's Quarteronne, by Dollar out of Columbine (Thorpe), first; Colerette, second. Sonnette fell. Won by ten lengths.

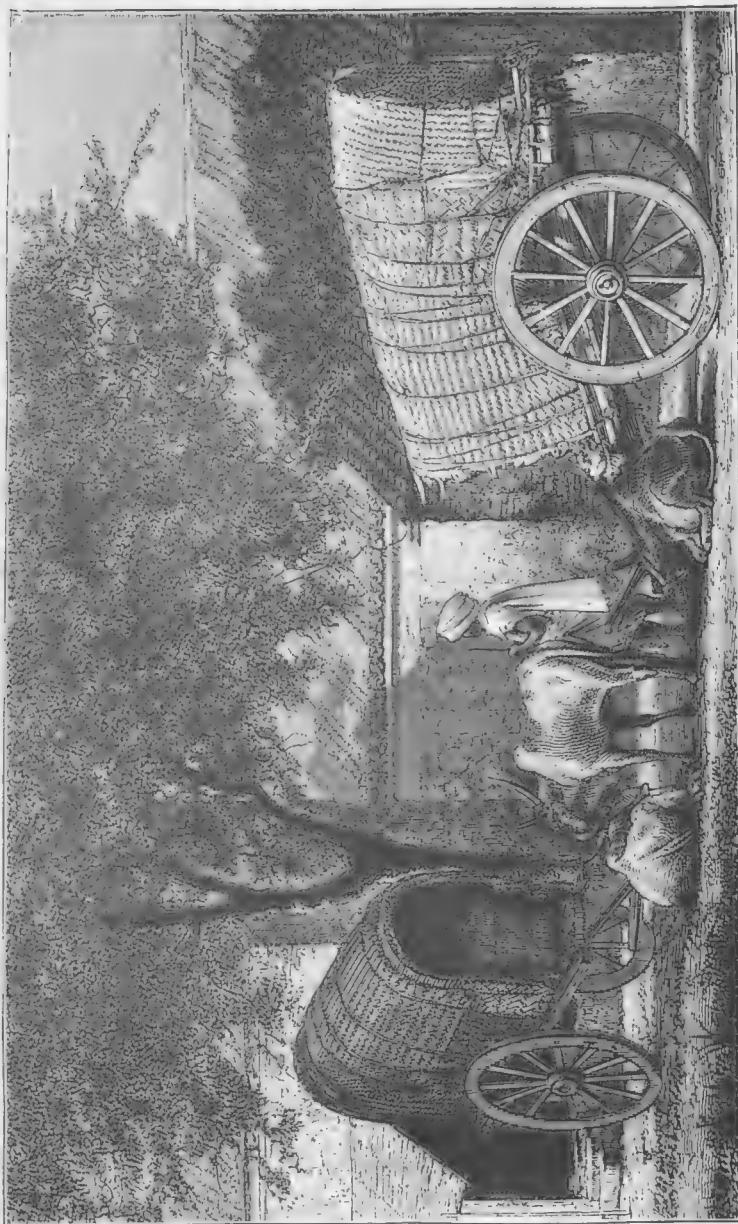
STAG-HUNT AT CHANTILLY.—On Thursday week, notwithstanding the rainy weather, the Prince and Princess of Sagan, and a number of well-known lovers of the chase, were out with the Duc d'Aumale's pack, the meet being at the barracks of Blanchamp, near Chantilly. A young stag was driven out, and after a long chase he took the water in the ponds of the Reine Blanche. It might have been expected that after such a course the hunt would have been terminated, but this season, as in all years when acorns are abundant, the deer are very strong. The young stag ran back to the forest of Coye, and was at last killed. The hunters returned to Chantilly at four o'clock, wet to the skin, but having enjoyed a splendid hunt.

THE PEARL.—This six-year-old mare, by Newminster out of Callery Ou, has at length joined the stud. She began her racing career as a two-year-old by winning four races right off the reel—the Woodcot at Epsom, the Ham Stakes at Goodwood, the Corporation Stakes at Brighton (for which she walked over), and the Bevendean Stakes at the same meeting. The Pearl started third favourite for the Derby at 8 to 1, but finished nowhere to Favonius, Albert Victor, King of the Forest, and Digby Grand. In the Oaks she fared no better, Hannah showing her heels to all who were behind her. In the July Meeting the same year she gave Admiral Rous's Theodoros (another three-year-old) 2 lbs. in a Match, and beat him by two lengths. In the Gratwick, at a difference of 8 lbs., she was beaten eight lengths by Dalnacardoch. As a four-year-old this mare started nine times, but the De Warrenne Handicap at Lewes, for which she started favourite at 10 to 30, was her only victory. Last year she ran four times, and won the Harewood Plate at the York August; and during the present season the only occasion on which the Pearl carried the rose jacket successfully was in the Cambridgeshire Trial Handicap Plate at the late Houghton Meeting.

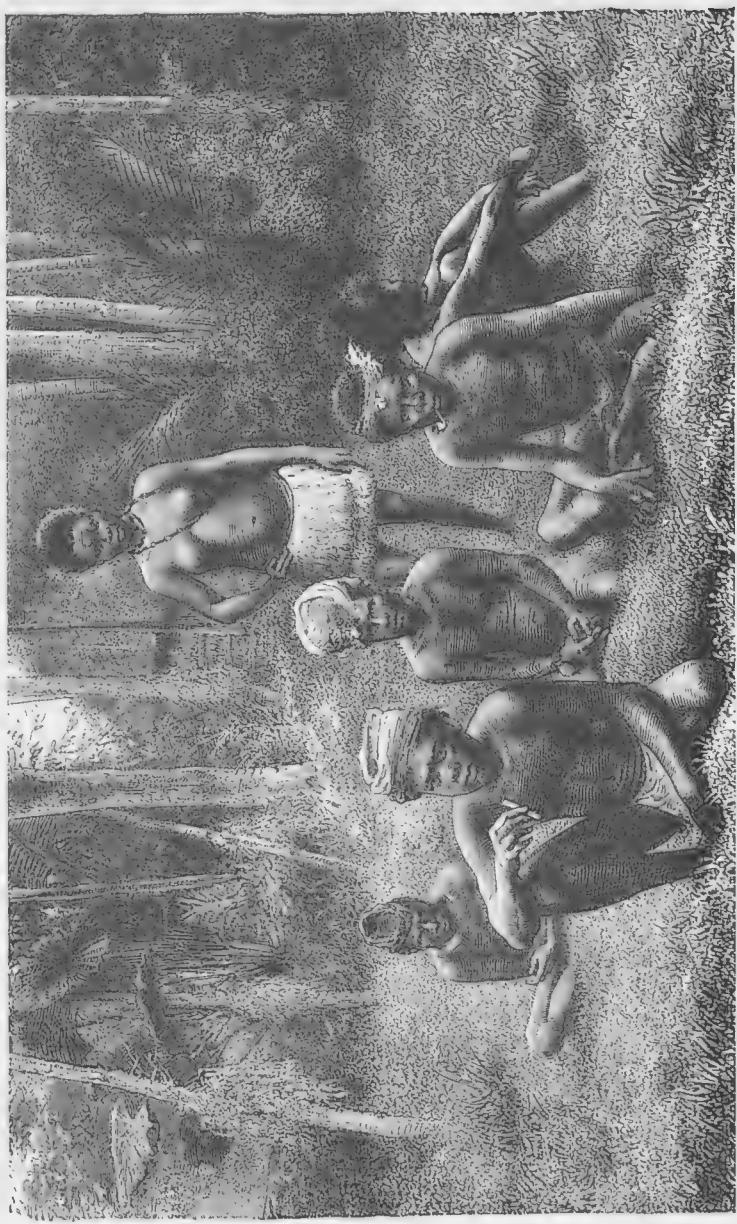
RACING IN AUSTRALIA.—(From the *Australasian*, October 3.)—The Randwick Spring Meeting came off on August 31, and September 5, 6, and 7. The Governor, Sir Hercules Robinson, won the Trial Stakes with Nea, by Lord of Linne, and the Spring Maiden Stakes with the same filly. Fitz-Yattenden (4 yrs., 8 st. 7 lb.) won the President's Handicap (one mile and three-quarters), beating Sterling (4 yrs., 8 st. 10 lb.); and Kingsborough appropriated the Mares' Produce Stakes. The Great Metropolitan Stakes brought out the good field of nineteen, and was a fast-run race, the two miles being done in 3 min. 36 sec., Sterling (4 yrs., 7 st. 6 lb.) beating Goldsborough (4 yrs., 8 st. 7 lb.) by nearly two lengths; Dr. Bath's chestnut mare Maid of Avenel, by Stockham (4 yrs., 6 st. 11 lb.), was third. Goldsborough was shut in and cannoned against in the race. The principal other starters were Dagworth (4 yrs., 9 st. 13 lb.), Horatio (5 yrs., 8 st. 10 lb.), Reprieve (6 yrs., 9 st.). The Arrow (5 yrs., 7 st. 12 lb.), Poodle (6 yrs., 8 st.), and Fitz-Yattenden (4 yrs., 7 st. 12.). In the Craven Plate, on the third day, the Maid of Avenel, at weight for age, beat Goldsborough cleverly over a mile and a quarter. Dagworth won the three-mile race (the Randwick Plate) very easily, Ceprievre second, and Horatio third. The Maid of Avenel (4 yrs., 7 st. 6 lb.) won the Waverley Handicap (one mile and three-quarters), beating Fitz-Yattenden (4 yrs., 8 st. 6 lb.) and eleven others. Mr. Gough's Duffer (11 st. 7 lb.) won the Steeple-chase, beating Mr. C. B. Fisher's Doubtful (10 st. 4 lb.) second, and Prior (11 st. 12 lb.) third. The wind-up of the meeting was a splendid race in the Forced Handicap (one mile and a quarter), wherein Sterling (9 st.), and Westminster (8 st. 7 lb.) ran a dead heat and divided.

SCENES IN SOUTHERN INDIA.

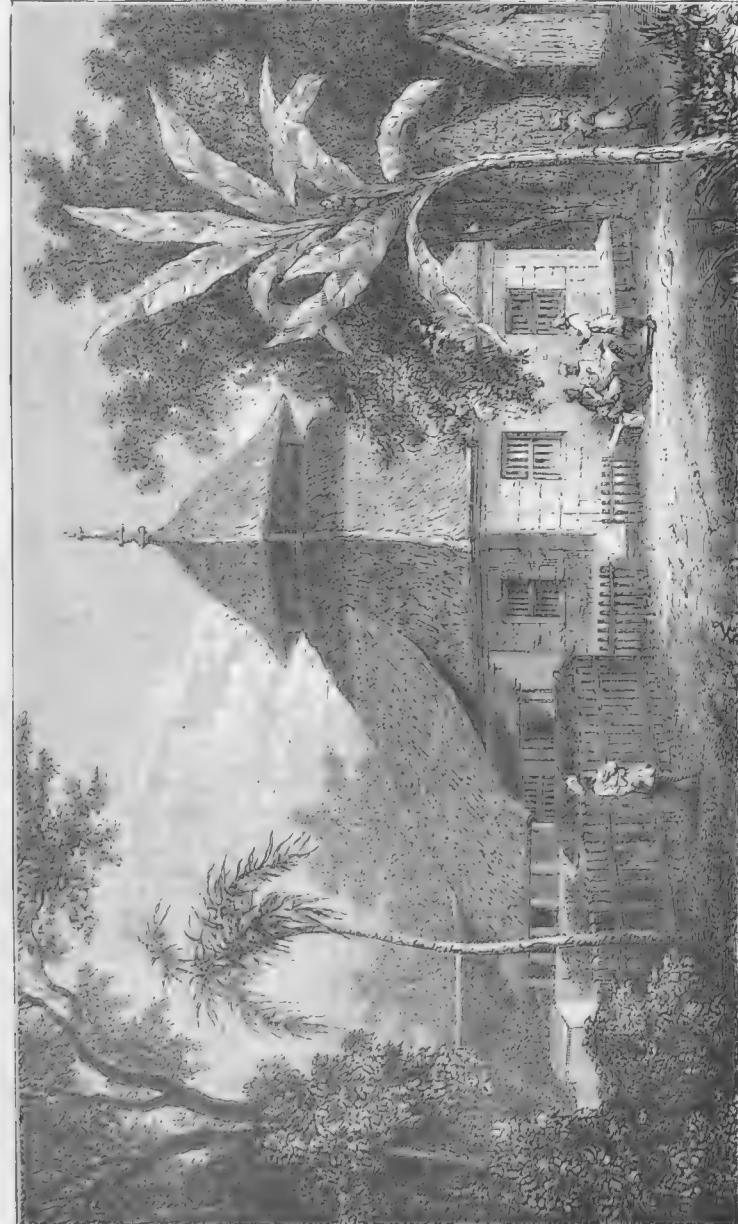
THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS, NOVEMBER 28, 1874.—212.



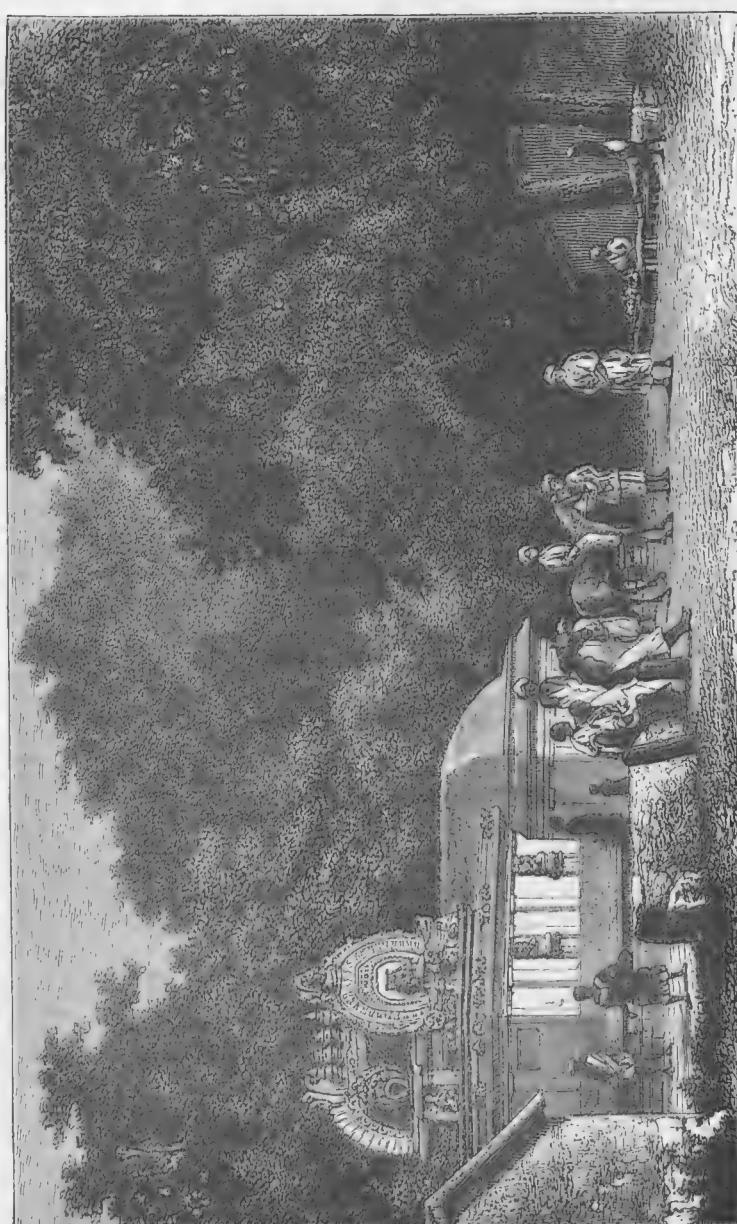
COUNTRY CARTS OR BANDIES.



JUNGLE WALLAHS.

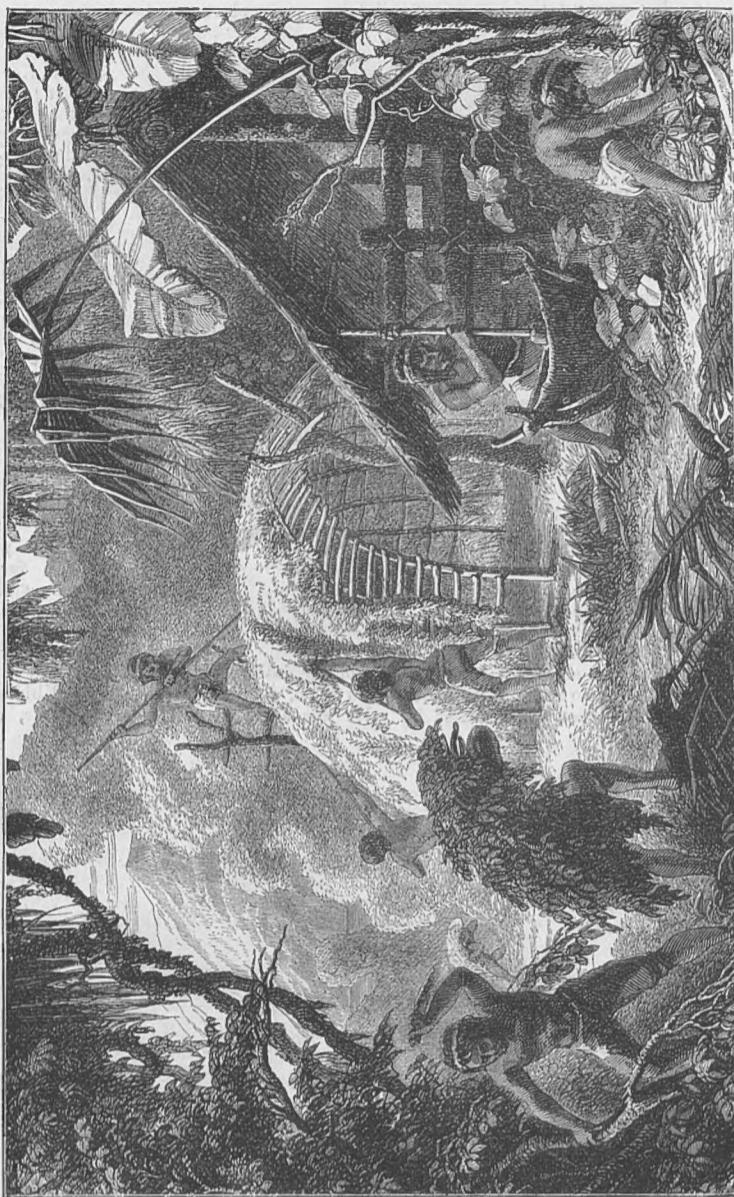


A SUBALTERN'S BUNGALOW.



A HINDOO SHRINE AND CHOUITY.

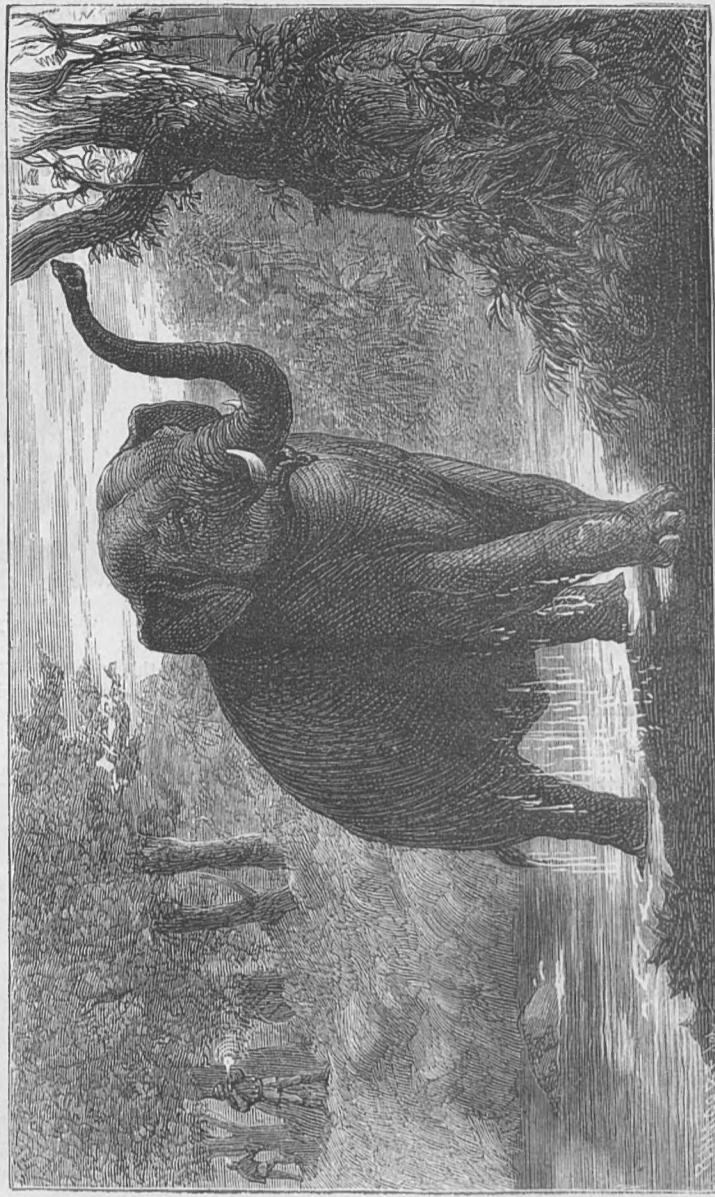
FOREST SCENES IN SOUTHERN INDIA.



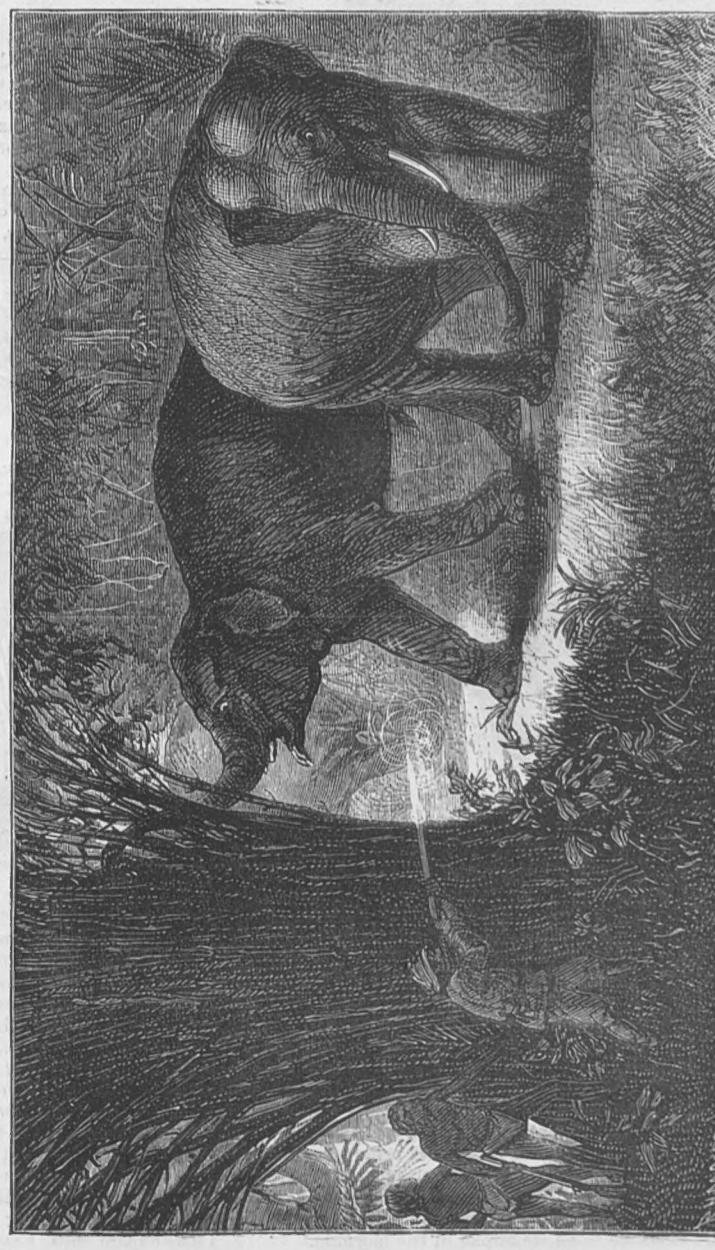
A FOREST BIVOUAC.



CUTTING A BUSH-PATH.



THE DEATH OF A BULL ELEPHANT.



ELEPHANT SHOOTING IN BAMBOO JUNGLE.

## ELEPHANT HUNTING IN THE COIMBATORE DISTRICT.



paring to start for a day's snipe-shooting, Kenny, of the 84th Foot, came in with the headman of Moodoonoor, who informed us that a herd of elephant had been committing great depredations in the grain fields near his village during the night-time, and that, although large fires had been lighted at sunset by the villagers, they still continued in the neighbourhood, and visited the cultivated lands almost every night. Here was a chance not

to be met with every day; so Burton, Kenny, and myself, resolved to avail ourselves of it at once. The village of Moodoonoor, which was about 15 koss or 30 miles distant, lay amongst the low spurs of the Anamalai range;

so we sent on our two head servants, with Chinneah and Googooloo, my two shekarries, in a hackerry, so as to make preparations against our arrival, and gather whatever information they could about the elephants.

Kenny had a retinue of low-caste servants, picked up promiscuously at Madras, who bore a most unenviable reputation in the cantonment, although they had only arrived a few days previously; and as they were almost in a state of open mutiny at the idea of going into the bush, it was resolved to give them an extra

month's wages and discharge them instantaneously. They were accordingly summoned, and Joakim, the butler, was the first to make his appearance. He was rather unprepared for his sudden dis-

missal, and wanted to argue the case, for, assuming the mien of injured innocence, he exclaimed, "You tink I thief man. Oh, Kenny-Sahib! how many shirt you got in box when you come from Madras?"

"Three dozen," said Kenny. "Yas, Sar; now go look for box. Master got more than six dozen, and plenty, plenty sock. Now you tink I robber man." — "Well, you scoundrel," said Kenny, rather taken aback at the fellow's insinuation, "where did the other shirts come from then? Did you steal them?" — "No, Sar, I no robber man. I makee changee business with washerman; give one old shirt no good and take two new. Make proper changee for changee."

In spite of this somewhat knowing defence of his reputation, he failed in

convincing us of the desirability of retaining him, so his services were dispensed with, and Ramasawmy, the Khidmuhr, was called in. He was a pariah of the lowest caste, although he



The Butler.



The Khidmuhr.



An Indian Hackerry.



An Indian Hill Tent with Double Fly.

called himself a Christian, which signified that he eat pork and would get drunk whenever he had a chance. When asked as to what sect he belonged to, he somewhat cheekily replied, "I Gor almighty man, same caste like master. Suppose I tink my master go for make this business him catchee cold." What he meant by this ambiguous threat, deponent knoweth not, and he had not time to explain, for in the twinkling of an eye he was flying through the air with his master's toe very near his western point. The last of the triumvirate, the maity or cook boy, taking warning by this ignominious ejection, came in with a salaam, took his money without a word, and retired. Luckily, Kenny was able to engage a couple of very decent-looking servants, who were well known in the regiment, having

villagers, for the fields of "bargee" that had been devastated by the elephants. Here we had palpable evidence of the damage that these animals can commit even in a single night, for several acres of ripe grain had been more or less destroyed, a small part of which had been torn up and eaten, whilst much more had been trodden into the earth by their ponderous feet. From the spoors I estimated the herd to consist of about nine animals, of which one was evidently a good-sized bull, as his stride was longer, and the imprint of his foot was much larger and further apart, than the rest. I could also see places in the



A Triumvirate of Coloured Gentlemen.

banks of a nullah where he had used his tusks in endeavouring to uproot a small bush, bearing a fruit like a wild plum. One of the ryots, who was watching his crops the night before when they came, said that he heard them in the forest tearing down the under-wood and crashing through the bamboo jungle soon after sunset, but that they did not come out into the open fields until past midnight, when the villagers' fires had burnt almost out. He could not say how many they were, as he was only too anxious to keep out of their way, as they were rushing wildly about all over the clearing until close upon daybreak. As they came and returned by the same route unmolested, I thought that they would most likely choose it again on their next visit to their feeding grounds; so bidding Chinneah and Googooloo follow me with their spare guns, I stole gently forward to reconnoitre in case they might still be lurking in the neighbouring forest. There was no difficulty in following up their trail, as a regular pathway was made up the hill, bushes being levelled and bamboos torn up

been for several years in the service of an officer who had gone to England on sick leave; so he was put to little or no inconvenience by the change. Whilst we were making preparations for the expedition and superintending the packing up of tents, supplies, and such like gear, Kenny's sacked triumvirate came up, prepared for the road, having been ordered out of cantonment by the magistrate, and had the cheek to ask for written characters and three bottles of brandy, as medicine for their journey to Madras, and both applications being refused, they went away highly indignant. Having seen them clear off the premises, we sent our baggage, horses, and servants, on in advance. I had given my head boy directions to engage three sets of bullocks at the different villages as he went along, so that we might have relays of fresh animals every five or six miles, and after dinner a couple of bundles of straw and our mattresses being spread at the bottom of country carts, well covered over with matting, as shown in the engraving, we rolled ourselves up in a blanket, and made a start, sleeping comfortably all night, and finding ourselves at the choultry at Moodoonoor when we awoke in the morning.

Soon after daybreak our hut was pitched in a small clearing outside the village, and after we had a refreshing tub and substantial breakfast, we set off, under the guidance of several

in all directions; and they had evidently travelled very leisurely, as they had broken off and browsed on the young shoots and tender roots along the whole of the route.

Having satisfied myself that the spoilers had not been scared and frightened away in spite of the villagers' fires, I felt convinced that they would return by the same path; so I returned to the rest of the people, and began to make my preparations accordingly. I noticed from certain marks that the herd had paid several visits to a group of three large jamun trees, and had broken off some of the lower branches, so as to get at the fruit, whilst they had also picked up the fallen berries from below; and as these trees were of great size and commanded a good view of the surrounding clearing, I determined to rig up a couple of "mechauns," or platforms, at some 20 feet above the ground, and after two hours' hard work, I managed with the aid of my people and the villagers to accomplish my object, and two substantial bamboo platforms were erected far out of reach of the elephants' trunks.

Here Burton and Kenny elected to pass the night, and having constructed a bamboo ladder to get up and down with more comfort, they had their rugs and mattresses carried up, and fenced round the sides with a kind of rough basket-work, so as to prevent their guns or gear from falling out.

Having seen that my pals were comfortably settled, I reconnoitred the ground to select my own post, and as I observed that the herd had feasted upon a patch of pumpkins and gourds that were only a short distance from the outskirts of the forest, I determined to build a moat, or skarm, in the middle of this cultivation, but close handy to two large trees, against the trunks of which I fastened two bamboo ladders, in case of being unearthed, and obliged to beat a retreat. The moat is generally constructed in the following manner. A pit about 14 feet long, 4 feet wide, and 5 feet deep, is dug out, and, if there is time, the sides and bottom are lined with bamboo, and covered with date-leaf matting, so that two people can lie down comfortably in it. About 8 feet of the centre part is strongly flat-roofed over with stout logs, strong enough to bear an elephant's weight, which are again covered with earth, and young bushes are often placed over it. Thus it resembles a burrow having two entrances, which are left open at each end, and here the hunters sit with only the upper parts of their heads above the ground. Great care must be taken that the general appearance shows no deviation from the common order of things, and that there are no signs of human occupation about it. The more natural it appears the better chance the hunters have of close shots; and of course great attention must be paid that the moat is constructed to leeward of the track or run by which the game is likely to come, otherwise their keen sense of smelling will instantly detect the atmosphere tainted by man's presence. There is always a certain smell perceptible in freshly turned up earth; so to kill it, I planted several strong scented bushes round about, and covered it over with sand from a neighbouring nullah and creepers, taking care to have a good show of ripe pumpkins all round about the ambuscade. It was three o'clock in the afternoon before every arrangement was made for our passing the night, and then we adjourned to the tent for dinner, taking all the people, villagers included, with us.

After dinner we carefully cleaned our rifles and loaded with hardened bullets made of one part quicksilver to nine of lead,

and, accompanied only by Chinneah, Googooloo, and Burton's shekarry, carrying our spare guns, some prog, and a large supply of cold tea, we adjourned to our ambuscades. Having seen Burton, Kenny, and the shekarry comfortably settled in their eyrie, and warned them against firing in the direction of my moat, I ensconced myself with Chinneah in my own diggings, and, leaving Googooloo in the tree to watch, slept like a top for some three or four hours, when Chinneah awoke me and bade me listen, for there were suspicious noises in the forest.

Although the moon had not yet risen, the night was clear, and the sky was studded with stars, so that after a little time I could distinguish the surrounding objects pretty well with the aid of my field-glass. The continuous buzzing noise of the insect world after nightfall in the forest, when every bush and tree gives forth some sound, and life is everywhere audibly manifest, presents a remarkable contrast to the strange, weird-like stillness that reigns during the intense heat of the day; and in the early part of the night the Cicade kept up a ceaseless melody, which was only broken by the hum of some enraged, bloodthirsty mosquito as he vainly attempted to find an entrance in the thin silk gauze veil I wore round my hat and shoulders to protect my face and neck from the ruthless attacks of these night marauders. As the night advanced, the cries of various wild animals resounded through the jungle, and a sounder of hog and a couple of porcupine came so close to my ambuscade that Chinneah had to pelt them with earth in order to drive them away, and prevent their eating the pumpkins we intended for nobler game.

Scarcely had they gone when a troop of sambur made their appearance, and they were followed by a score or so of green monkeys, who came close upon us before they detected our presence, when they scampered jabbering away. Now and then a crashing of wood was heard on the hillside, and a low "Urmp, urmp," followed soon after by a faint whistle or blowing sound, assured me that a herd of elephant were afoot on the hillside. Every sound an elephant makes has a significant meaning to a hunter well versed in woodcraft, and from constant observation I knew by the "Urmp, urmp," that one of their number was distressed at having lost the run of the rest, and that the low blowing sound that followed it denoted his satisfaction at having again fallen in with them. For fully three hours every now and again we heard those unmistakable sounds which denoted their presence in the bamboo forest that clothed the lower spurs of the hillside, but, as if suspicious of danger, they seemed to avoid breaking into the plain, and I began to fear that we should none of us get a shot, as the moon was rising, and I thought that, if they were afraid to venture in the open during the darker hours, they certainly would not come now that it was light enough to distinguish any conspicuous object on the plains. My surmise was, however, wrong, and soon after midnight a big female showed her great massive forehead at the edge of the jungle, and shortly afterwards moved stealthily and noiselessly forward, where for quite five minutes she stood like a statue, only moving the ears backward and forward, as if to drink in any sound that might be carried on the night breeze, which was laden with the most delicious perfumes of wild flowers, which perhaps prevented her from being scared by the

"Frouzy pores that taint the ambient air."

and winding us in our subterranean retreat. Having made up her mind that the coast was clear, she turned her raised trunk towards the opening in the jungle from which she issued, and made a curious blowing sound that nearly resembled a low whistle, and at this signal she was joined by seven others, who stalked in a majestic manner in single file up to her, and then scattered over the plain and began to feed on the grain. Although they passed midway between Burton's mechaun and my post, they did not detect our presence. Shortly afterwards, two females and a fine stately bull with decent-sized tusks, made their appearance, and followed in a bee line the track of the rest, evidently quite oblivious as to all recollections of past feeds on mouna plums or pumpkins, for they gave both our positions a wide berth, and began to browse quite half a mile beyond Burton's mechaun. For three mortal hours we impatiently watched their proceedings, and about an hour before day-break, my stock of impatience becoming exhausted, I called down Googooloo from his perch, and we crept towards Burton's post, having first taken the precaution to give a single whistle, which was answered, so as to prevent any chance of our being mistaken for game. Burton had had a

visit from a female and her young one, but he did not care to fire at her, having seen two young bulls in the herd, besides the tusker who came last. It was therefore decided that, as the herd would not come to us, that we should go to them, and I arranged that Burton and Kenny should try and stalk the tusker in the open, whilst I and my people should cut off the line of retreat, in case they should make for the same gap by which they entered the plain. Having looked to our arms and put on fresh caps, my companions began to creep cautiously towards the herd, taking advantage of any cover they could find, whilst I made tracks for the opening in the fence through which the herd forced their way, and took up an admirable strategic position between three or four large clumps of stout bamboos which commanded the path quite close to the edge of the clearing. These clumps of bamboo grew so close together that, although there was space for a man to creep between, an elephant could not easily have squeezed his carcase through, so that the enclosure formed a kind of natural fortress in which we could take refuge, in case of being hard pressed or charged by the herd. Cutting away some of the young shoots and creepers that might have tripped us up, I had hardly finished my arrangements when a running fire was heard, and Chinneah, who had mounted a high tree which commanded an extensive view of the plain, announced that one elephant had fallen, whilst the big female leader and the tusker were heading in our direction at full speed, followed at some distance by the rest of the herd, who, being impeded by the young ones, could not get so fast over the ground. In a little while we could hear them blowing and tearing along through the grain, but they must have winded our position, for they suddenly halted and stood perfectly still at the extreme edge of the bamboo jungle, and although they could not have been more than thirty yards away, for nearly five minutes not a sound nor a movement betrayed their position until the rest of the herd came close up, when they cautiously moved forward, and by stooping low I could see their great legs moving in our direction; so creeping round a thick clump of bamboo as the bull passed within six yards of my cache, I got a fair view of his temples, and gave him a right and left between the eye and the ear, which rolled him over luckily right in the path of his watchful mate, who, with a vicious scream of revenge, charged straight at me, when, stumbling over the legs of her expiring lord, who was struggling convulsively and writhing in his death throes, I was enabled to end her career with a couple of two-ounce bullets right between the eyes, and she fell doubled up in a heap close to the tusker. The report of my rifle, or perhaps the scream of alarm made by the female at seeing her mate fall, scared back the rest of the herd, and Burton hit a young tusker twice as he broke back across the plain, but as both shots were fired at long ranges, they did not penetrate the brain, and although severely wounded, he made his way into some thick jungle, followed by the rest of the herd.

As the day broke, several of the villagers, hearing the shots, came to see what we had done, and one of the village shekaries had brought with him some of the Mulcher bush tribes, who, always living in the forest, are well acquainted with the haunts of different kinds of game. After we had eaten some breakfast, and procured refreshment for our people, Burton and I set out to track up the wounded elephant, and after cutting our way through some dense jungle, we found him drinking at a small river, and although he winded us before we saw him, and dashed splashing through the river, Burton brought him down by a well-directed shot just behind the back of the head as he was clambering up the opposite bank. Burton and Kenny had killed an old female between them who would persistently show fight and prevent their getting near the tusker they were trying to stalk; so amongst us we had killed four elephants, not a bad night's work considering the circumstances under which we were placed. The ivory, however, was not of much account, as the largest pair of tusks did not exceed 41 lbs. in weight; but in the old days the Honourable John Company disbursed 70 rupees for every elephant's tail and tip of the trunk produced at the cutchery, so that these rewards helped to pay our shekar expenses, which were very heavy at times, as we had so many people to feed.

Whilst we were tracking up the wounded elephant, we came upon an open glade or natural clearing, through which a mountain stream flowed, and as it was much trodden with bison and sambur, and there were also pugs of a large tiger freshly imprinted in the moist sand of a nullah at no great distance, we

ordered some of our people and the Mulcher folk to construct a comfortable hunting-lodge of three huts, and surround it with a stout *abatis* fence, strong enough to keep out intruders from the adjacent forest. Having myself selected the spot and marked out the ground, I left Chinneah to carry out the arrangements, and we adjourned to the tent, where we found Kenny had been extremely thoughtful of our requirements, and an admirable tiffin and well cooled bitter beer was awaiting our arrival. I distributed amongst the ryots, through the curnum or headman of the village, 100 rupees as some compensation for the loss they had incurred through the elephants destroying their crops, and by this act established myself thoroughly in their good graces, so that they kept my camp well supplied with rice, grain, ghee, sheep, fowls, vegetables, and milk, and furnished carriers without any hesitation. In consideration of my *largesse*, they would not allow any extortioneer prices to be asked for what supplies I required, and they kept me furnished with every information they could gain as to the haunts of different kinds of game. When my forest bivouac was finished and stored with provisions and various requirements, I superintended the cutting of a practical bush path to it, and made it my temporary head-quarters.

(To be continued.)

PAGEANT.—This horse has been sold by Mr. Gomm to Mr. Gretton for £2000.

MR. PRATT will act as clerk of the course at Kingsbury, owing to the continued illness of Mr. Marshall.

CURRAGHMORE HUNT STEEPELCHASES.—This Meeting is fixed for Wednesday and Thursday, March 31 and April 1.

SOUTHDOWN HUNT STEEPELCHASES.—These steeple-chases take place at Ringmer, near Lewes, on Wednesday, March 31.

LADY ALICE, who ran third in the Midland Counties' Handicap, occupied the like position in the Shrewsbury Cup last Friday, her impost on that occasion being 6 st. 7 lbs.

SIR LIONEL.—This horse being in the Forfeit List, has been disqualified for the Selling Hurdle Handicap he won at Reading, and the race awarded to Honeysuckle, who came in second.

FLEURANGE.—Colonel Forrester purchased this filly at Shrewsbury. She won the Selling Nursery Handicap at Warwick on Tuesday, and was bought in for 250 guineas, her entered selling price being £50.

THE OBJECTION TO MARDI GRAS AT COVENTRY.—Mardi Gras, who came in first for the All-aged Selling Plate at Coventry, was objected to on the ground of being in the Forfeit List, but the objection was withdrawn on Wednesday.

CAPTURE OF A "FISHING FROG."—On Sunday morning a large member of the fishing frog family was caught about 18 miles from Brighton. It is very rarely that it is captured, having its home among rocks, where, secreting itself, it pushes up a little fishing-rod attached to its forehead, to which a bait is affixed, and waiting for a "bite," sweeps the unfortunate biter into its mouth in an instant. The one caught at Brighton is about the size of the smallest carpet bag, with a mouth to take in a child's head. In the mouth and down the throat are no less than 16 rows of fine teeth, all turned downwards.—*Sun*.

IMPORTED RACING AND BLOOD STOCK.—Mr. R. W. Cameron, of this city, purchased two yearling fillies at the recent Doncaster sales, and they arrived safe and sound last week. Faverdale, a brown filly, by The Palmer out of Georgiana, by Touchstone out of Lady Emily, by Muley Moloch, is one of the finest youngsters ever imported into the country; and if size and style are any indication of racing abilities, she should make her mark on the Turf. Her dam, Georgiana, was the dam of Measure for Measure, Split the Difference, Sunset, Ironmaster, South Durham, Coeur de Lion, and Furnishfield. The other filly is by King of Trumps out of Roua, by Lord of the Isles out of Prevention, by Verulam out of Morsel (The Cure's dam), by Mulatto. The old mare Ursuline, by Surplice, foaled in 1843, and yet showing no symptoms of her great age, was imported at the same time for Mr. Welch, of Philadelphia. She is an immense mare, standing nearly 16 hands 3 inches, and has produced many winners while in the harem in England.—*New York Spirit of the Times*.

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From Miss WILD, Waterloo-road, Cheetham, Manchester.  
Fairy Hill House, June 18, 1873.

Dear Sir.—I wish you to forward me another bottle of your Eye Liquid as soon as possible, for I find it is doing me good already. Hoping to have it by return.

1, Beehive Terrace, Wilton-street, Lozells, Birmingham, August 23, 1873.

Mr. John Ede, Birchfield, Birmingham.  
Dear Sir.—I am now in my eighty-fifth year, and have been suffering from defective sight for the last four years to such an extent that I was entirely prevented working at my business, namely, that of a rule-maker. About the first week in January this year I purchased a bottle of your "Patent American Eye Liquid," since then, and up to this date, I have had two others, and am delighted to say my sight is so far restored that I am enabled, even at my advanced age, to resume work at my trade. You are at liberty to make any use of this letter you choose for the benefit of other sufferers, and refer any person to me you please.—I am, dear sir, yours &c.,  
WM. BAKEWELL.

Lancaster Street, Birmingham, June 5th, 1872.  
Sir.—I beg to acknowledge with thanks the value of your Eye Liquid. I was suffering from a severe burnt eye, and after applying your valuable Liquid several times I was perfectly cured. I can also testify that it has done some wonderful cures for my shopmates. I shall not forget to recommend it to my friends, as I am sure it is well worthy of recommendation.—I am, your obedient servant,

ALEXANDRA ADAMS,  
To Mr. J. Ede.  
Gun Furniture Forger.

March 1st, 1873.

Sir.—Your Patent American Eye Liquid has quite taken the kell from my daughter's eye, being quite blind for several days. Please send me another bottle, as I shall always keep one by me.—Yours truly,

Mrs. BERRY, B 94, Brearley Street.

143, New John Street West, Birmingham.  
Sir.—I was suffering from a severe cold and inflamed eye. I consulted two physicians, but to no relief; and being recommended to try your Patent American Eye Liquid, I did so; being happy to say a few dressings have quite cured me.—Yours, &c.,  
A. LILLY.

Birmingham, March 8th, 1873.  
Dear Sir.—I have great pleasure to inform you that using the 2s. 9d. bottle of your Eye Liquid has quite cured the eyes of my favourite pony, the little grey that took first prize in the Horse Show. I thought it quite an impossibility to cure it, but before using it all I found his sight as good as ever. I have also suffered myself from dimness of sight, and occasionally a mist came over my eyes so that I could scarcely see to receipt my bills; but, after using your Liquid several times I have not suffered since. Yours, &c.,  
FRED. BOWER, Maltster, Brewer, and Wine and Spirit Merchant, Albion Street, Birmingham.

To Mr. J. Ede.  
Victoria-road, near Potter's-hill, Aston Park,  
July 22, 1871.

Dear Sir.—My eyes have been weak and bad for many years, and I could not get anything to do them any good, till a neighbour of mine told me to get a bottle of your Liquid, and I did so, and I find a great relief from it, for I can see better now than I could thirty years ago. It wants no recommendation—it recommends itself. Those that have tried it will never be without it. Please to send me another 2s. 9d. bottle.

Yours respectfully, MRS. CLARE, 82 years of age.

Landsdown Villa, Birchfield.  
Sir.—I have tried a bottle of your Liquid, and it has made my eyes quite well. I shall recommend it to everybody I know, for I am sure it is a good thing for the eyes, for I speak as I find it.—Yours truly,  
G. C. BAKER, late of the Tower Arms, Lench-street, Birmingham.

Sir.—I have much pleasure in testifying to the surprising efficacy of your famed Eye Liquid, which I thoroughly believe has cured me of a scum on the right eye, which I had suffered from for about nine years, after trying numerous remedies for several years without any good result. Accept my grateful thanks.—I am, sir, your obedient servant, CHARLES REILEY.

To Mr. Ede.  
Serg.-maj. Royal Cardigan Militia.  
RICHARD BROWN, Chemist, Spring-hill, Birmingham.

Dear Sir.—Mr. Mountford, builder, of Small Heath, informs me that his wife was afflicted for two years and a half with a dimness in both her eyes to that extent till she could scarcely see. Had medical advice but to no purpose, was recommended to try your Eye Liquid, and after only two bottles was completely cured; and she is willing for you to make what use you like of the above for the benefit of others.—Yours truly,

RICHARD BROWN, Chemist, Spring-hill, Birmingham.  
Mr. Ede.—Sir.—I feel very happy to let you know my eyes are much improved. This is my own writing and I have not had the pleasure of doing the like for a number of years, until your valuable remedy enabled me to do so. I hope you will put my name in your list of testimonials. Let any person come to 35, Bow Street, Little Bolton, and if I do not thread the smallest needle they can produce then I am in fault. They may enquire from the neighbours who have known me for the last 36 years in one street, and they will tell them I was unable to find my own door until I obtained your valuable Liquid. I had begged myself paying doctors 3s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. a bottle for about two thimblesful of Eye Water, but all to no use. I went to the eye institutions of Liverpool and Manchester, where they put me in great torture by turning my eyes, and operating on me in various ways to no purpose. I was getting worse until I was told of your remedy, which appeared in the Birmingham newspapers, and I obtained a small bottle. I shall for life feel obliged and thankful to you; more I cannot do than pray for your prosperity and welfare. I am 84 years old, but still healthy, and my shop of 22s. a week waiting for me when I choose to go to it.—I am yours,

PATRICK GAVIN, 35, Bow Street, Little Bolton.

Mr. Ede.—Sir.—I will thank you to send me a bottle of Your Eye Liquid, a friend of mine purchased a bottle during his visit to Scarborough and received so much benefit from it that I am induced to try it.

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Near Albert Gate, Hyde Park, on Monday, November 30th, the following valuable YEARLINGS, &c., with their engagements, under Lord Exeter's conditions:—

1. BEATRICE GREY, a dark grey filly, by D'Estournel out of Oxford Mixture's dam (Irish Belle), by Kingston out of Colleen Dhas, by Rust out of Anne, by Wanderer.
2. LOWLANDER LASS, a bay filly, by Dalesman out of Miss Annette, by Trumpeter out of Annie, by Newcourt out of Annette, by Priam.
3. ROUGE BONNET, a chestnut colt, by Vespaian out of Gladness, by Carnaval out of Marseillaise, by Bay Midleton.
4. CURIOSITY (foaled 1871), a bay mare, by Lord Clifden out of Doora, by The Hermit out of Tilly; covered by The Drake.
5. A BAY MARIE (1870), by Lambton out of Lady Rose, by St. Albans out of Lady Somerset, by Voltigeur out of Canary Bird, by Birdcatcher; covered by Costa.
6. SCOTCH HAG (1869), a bay mare, by Blair Athol out of Hecate (sister to The Wizard), by West Australian, her dam by The Cure out of Elphine, by Emilius; in training, fit to run, valuable to try yearlings, for a hurdle-racer or brood mare.

#### BY MESSRS. TATTERSALL.

Near Albert Gate, Hyde Park, on Monday, November 30th, the following HORSES IN TRAINING, the property of T. V. Morgan, Esq.:—

1. ONSLOW, a bay horse, 5 years old, by Cambuscan out of Dulcibella, by Voltigeur out of Priestess, by The Doctor, likely to make a valuable stallion, as he was the best two-year-old of his year.
2. LORD GOWRAN, a bay horse, 4 years old, by Lord Clifden, dam by Merry Andrew out of Cordelia, by Red Deer.
3. XANTHUS, a chestnut horse, 5 years old, by Thormany out of Woodbine, by Stockwell, her dam Honeysuckle (sister to Newminster) by Touchstone.
4. A BAY GELDING, 4 years old, by Knight of St. Patrick out of Lemonade, by Leamington, her dam by Don John out of Lollipop.
5. GLAUCUS, a chestnut gelding, 6 years old, by Canobie out of Danish Rose, by Surplice out of Tomiris, by Sesostris.
6. YOUNG FRITZ, a bay colt, 3 years old, by Victorious out of Her Highness, by The Merry Monarch out of Sidesaddle, by The Saddler.
7. NOYRE TAUREN, a brown gelding (foaled 1866), by Vedette out of Paradigm, by Paragon out of Helen Horne, by Redshank. Winner of several steeple-chases—with his engagements.
8. LORD MAYO, a chestnut gelding, 4 years old, by Marsyas out of Rose of Kent, by Kingston out of England's Beauty, by Birdcatcher.
9. MELEURGE, a bay horse, 6 years old, by Beauvais out of Trust (bred in France), jumps hurdles well.
10. CHALLENGER, bay colt, 2 years old, by The Duke, dam by Lifeboat out of Mellona.
11. SKIPPER, 2 years old, by Rupert out of Minnet, by Saunterer, her dam Gratitudo by Newminster.
12. All the above are winners, and calculated to make hurdle-racers or steeple-chasers.

BY MESSRS. TATTERSALL,  
Near Albert Gate, Hyde Park, on Monday, November 30th, the property of a Gentleman.

COLONEL RYAN, a brown horse, 6 years old, 16 hands high, by Buccaneer out of Ambassadress, by Plenipotentiary; very handsome, free from white, temperate, and a sure foal-getter; from his unexceptionable blood this horse is likely to suit the home or foreign market.

#### BARBICAN REPOSITORY.

J. S. GOWER AND CO. will SELL by PUBLIC AUCTION, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, commencing at Eleven o'clock, ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY HORSES, suitable for professional gentlemen, tradesmen, cab proprietors, and others; active young cart and van horses for town and agricultural work; also a large assortment of carriages, carts, harness, &c., &c.

HERBERT RY MILL, Proprietor.

### TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION, by MESSRS. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, December 7, the following HORSES, from the Manton Stables:—

1. JESTER, bay horse, by Lord of the Isles out of The Hoax, by Alarm out of Mabel, by Maple, 6 yrs.
2. STRUAN, brown horse, by Blair Athol out of Terrific, by Touchstone out of Ghunzee, by Pantaloons, 5 yrs.
3. JEAMES, chestnut colt, by Cambuscan out of Plush, by Plenipotentiary out of Velvetine, by Sultan, 3 yrs.
4. DALNAMINE, chestnut filly, by Thormanby out of Mayonaise, by Teddington out of Pic-nic, by Glaucus, 3 yrs.
5. BAY COLT, by Knowsley out of Tettermore, by Voltigeur out of Ellen Middleton, by Bay Middleton, 3 yrs.
6. BEGGARMAN, brown colt, by Beadsman out of Frailty, by Stockwell out of Bribery, by The Libel, 3 yrs.
7. BAY FILLY, by Trumpeter out of Tettermore, by Voltigeur out of Ellen Middleton, by Bay Middleton, 2 yrs.
8. GLENORCHY, chestnut colt, by Breadalbane out of Intimidation, by Orlando out of Splitvote, by St. Luke, 2 yrs.
9. DUCELLE, chestnut filly, by Saunterer II. out of Old Maid, by Robert de Gorham out of Governess, by Chatham, 2 yrs.
10. MISS STRAFFORD, bay filly, by Brother to Strafford out of Mrs. Waller, by King Tom out of Tightfit, by Teddington, 2 yrs.
11. ROAN FILLY, by Rapid Rhone out of Aunt Sofer, by Nemminster, 2 yrs.

#### BROOD MARES.

DEVICE, brown mare, by Springy Jack out of Decoy, by Filho da Puta; covered by See Saw.

SCHISM, bay mare, by Surplice out of Latitude, by Langar; covered by See Saw.

GREENWICH FAIR, by Woolwich out of Moodkee, by Venison out of Young Defiance, by Saracen; covered by a roan horse by Brother to Bird on the Wing out of Rapid Rhone's dam.

DUN HORSE; quiet to ride, a good hack and hunter.

### TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION, by MESSRS. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, December 7, the following BROOD MARES, &c., the property of a Gentleman:—

1. THE WHITE LADY, chestnut mare, by Knight of Avenel out of Mormonite, by Iago out of Radical Bess, by Tory Boy; covered by Le Maréchal.
2. EASTON LASS, bay mare (186), by Prime Minister out of Mrs. Roper, by Annandale out of My Lady, by Charles XII.; covered by Le Maréchal.
3. YOUNG HOODWINK, chestnut mare (1865), by Knight of Avenel out of Hoodwink, by Backbiter out of Jocose (Macaroni's dam); covered by Le Maréchal.
4. FERONIA, bay mare (1863), by Thormanby out of Woodbine, by Stockwell out of Honeysuckle (sister to Newminster). This mare is sister to Violet (dam of Lady Rosebery, &c.); covered by Le Maréchal.
5. ROCKFERRY, chestnut mare (1871), by Brother to Bird on the Wing, dam by West Australian out of Clarissa, by Pantaloons; covered by Le Maréchal.
6. NAMELESS NANNIE, chestnut mare (1871), by a roan horse by Brother to Bird on the Wing out of Meg o' Marley (Christopher Sly's dam), by Mandricardo; covered by Argyle.

#### STALLION.

LE MARECHAL (sire of Christopher Sly, Elf Knot, Minnie Clyde, &c.), by Monarque out of Lady Lift, by Sir Hercules; nearly all this horse's stock are winners.

The above mares are all believed to be in foal, the four first named had foals this year.

### TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION, by MESSRS. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, December 7, by order of the executors of the late Mr. Watt:—

1. THE PET (foaled in 1859), by Daniel O'Rourke, her dam Birthday by Assault out of Nicotris, by Whisker, with a filly foal by Blair Athol, and covered by Scottish Chief.
2. CHESTNUT YEARLING COLT, by Blair Athol out of The Pet.

Also,

A PAIR of CARRIAGE HORSES, about 15h. 2in.

### SIRES FOR THE SEASON, 1875.

Stallions at Highfield Hall, St. Albans.

**JOSKIN**, a brown horse, by West Australian out of Peasant Girl, by The Major (son of Sheet Anchor) out of Glance, by Waxy Pop out of Globe, by Quiz. Joskin is the sire of Chawbacca and Plebeian, and has never had any mares but his owner's. At twenty guineas, and one guinea the groom.

**KING VICTOR**, a bay horse, without white (foaled 1864), by Fazzoletto (by Orlando out of Canezou) out of Blue Bell (dam of Suspicion out of Scarf (dam of Cashmere), Belle of